

# The Sketch

No. 775.—Vol. LX.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



WIFE OF THE MARQUESS OF ZETLAND'S HEIR: THE COUNTESS OF RONALDSHAY, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE EARL OF RONALDSHAY TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Lady Ronaldshay was Miss Cecily Archdale, and is the second daughter of the late Colonel Mervyn Archdale. The Earl of Ronaldshay is the elder son of the Marquess of Zetland, and was born in 1876.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



## "THE SKETCH." CHRISTMAS NUMBER ALMOST SOLD OUT!

*The Christmas Number of "The Sketch" was published on Monday last. Those who desire to secure a copy should obtain one from their newsagents' immediately, as the edition, enormous as it is, is almost sold out, and cannot be reprinted. The number contains many new and attractive features, and with it is presented a splendid plate in Colours—"Good Night," after the picture by Léon Comerre. The price of the issue is One Shilling, as usual.*

### MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

London.

#### "I Mean to Say."

A correspondent of a London daily paper with a rather large circulation is annoyed with people who preface every other remark with "I mean to say." His annoyance, I fear, proves that he does not quite understand character. The man who places "I mean to say" before his assertion is a far more civilised fellow than the man who throws his statement in your face without warning. Suppose that two men are arguing about women, or eternity, or any similar after-dinner subject. The uncivilised man says, "Women are idiots"—bluntly, just like that. This finishes the conversation. There is no more to be said. His friend looks at his watch, and hurries off to catch an imaginary train. But the civilised man says, "I mean to say, after all, you know, women are all more or less idiotic, don't you think?" This keeps the discussion lively. There is a chance for reply. "I mean to say" is a sign of innate modesty. It is as necessary to the smooth conduct of modern life as "in my opinion" or "as a matter of fact," or "you may be right." Mr. Martin Mill, of Birmingham (whom may the gods preserve!), thinks that "the endless iteration of the meaningless phrase is positively maddening." I do not believe him. I refuse to think that Mr. Martin Mill is maddened. I mean to say, how could he be when he expresses himself so clearly and forcibly?

#### Artistic Greed.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's boast for the week ending Nov. 30 reads as follows: "Milton took £5 for 'Paradise Lost,' because he could not get any more. I should ask £5000 for the same quantity of pen-and-ink work, because I need not take any less." Let us, my friends, examine this statement. We will say that "Paradise Lost" is about half the length of one of Mr. Shaw's plays. I have never counted the lines in "Paradise Lost" or in one of Mr. Shaw's plays, but contrasting the effect of "Paradise Lost" on the reader with the effect of one of Mr. Shaw's plays on the listener, I should say that my estimate is fairly correct. Mr. Shaw, then, would "ask" £10,000 for a play. He does not say that he would expect to receive that amount from all sources—including the amateurs whom he withers with sneers. He would "ask" that sum. He would "ask" it, presumably, in advance of production on account of royalties, and confidently expect to receive it. This throws a new light on theatrical finance. The author of an enormously successful London play told me the other day that he had made, at the end of the year's run, about £10,000. Mr. Shaw's plays run, on the average, about one hundred nights apiece, I imagine. And yet he would "ask" for them as much as a wildly successful dramatist makes in a year. Now I know why Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker moved to the Savoy.

#### Stout Man's Pride.

"Suffragette" writes as follows to her daily paper: "SIR,—Having read Lady Charlotte's article under the above title, I would like to urge my fellow women to taboo any fashion involving the personal restraint of the new tailor-made costumes. If women only knew it, nothing more gratifies the masculine craving for domination than to see their sex encased in tightly fitting corsets, costumes, and other apparel." (I pause to explain that by "their," "Suffragette" means the female and not the male sex. With regard to "other apparel," I think she must be alluding to those tightly fitting macintoshes and tea-gowns now so extensively worn.) "The free movement of mind and body is a privilege they desire to retain for themselves. Women should therefore engage not" ("Engage not" is merely a poetical way of saying that women "should not, therefore, engage") "in a war of slim waists, but a war for natural waists—a war not of compression leading to slavery" (It is not generally known that the

tight corset is a mark of slavery. About the middle of the nineteenth century, slave-owners in this country substituted the tight corset, in the case of female slaves, for the ring round the neck), "but of expansion leading to liberty."

#### An Intelligent Forecast.

It is hardly necessary for me to point out that "Suffragette" is a lady of more than ordinary intelligence. Indeed, it would be scarcely modest of me to do so, seeing that, in these very notes, I drew attention, not so long ago, to the arrogance of the stout man. I have not the number at hand, and my secretary is doing three months for embezzlement, but I think I called the weakness "Stout Man's Pride," and showed how that the smile on the face of the fat man was not due, as is so often supposed, to good nature, but merely to conceit. I wager that you have never seen a stout man register seventeen stone on the weighing-machine who did not descend to earth with a complacent grin on every feature. Very well, then. "Suffragette" has noticed the very same thing, and she is determined that women, whether they have votes or whether they have no votes, shall at least have some share in this joy. Hence her spirited cry of "No Slavery and No Corsets!" Hence this wild, thrilling battle-howl of "Expansion and Liberty!" In fifty years time, no doubt, every man in the land will have been thrown into corsets, and "Stout Man's Pride" will be nothing more than a matter of history. I feel sure that "Suffragette" has already corseted all her little sons, whilst her little daughters run hither and thither, expanding in body if not in mind.

#### Down With Threepenny-Bits!

Mr. Basil Tozer writes to thank me for having drawn attention to the danger of the threepenny-bit. Mr. Tozer himself has suffered directly and acutely from this midge among coins. In fact, the threepenny-bit cost Mr. Tozer a fortune. It happened in this way. Mr. Tozer is a member of a club which also welcomes within its friendly portals, as the old biographers say, a millionaire of doubtful temper. (It is rather the thing among millionaires, you know, to be testy.) Well, this millionaire on a day dropped a threepenny-bit in the hall. "Here," said Mr. Tozer to himself—or he may have said it to the hall-porter; he does not tell me in his letter—"is my chance. I have a threepenny-bit, as it happens, in my pocket. I will pretend to pick it up, hand it to the millionaire, and it is just possible, since all millionaires are eccentric, as well as being testy, that he will leave me his entire fortune." This neat plan was rapidly put into execution—as some later writers have it—but not with the results that Mr. Tozer, being in an optimistic mood after his oysters, expected. "Thank you," said the millionaire huffily; "but mine was a new one." Whereupon he was lifted into his brougham by two or three commissioners—his first cousins, of course—and drove away.

#### O Pampered Tommy Atkins!

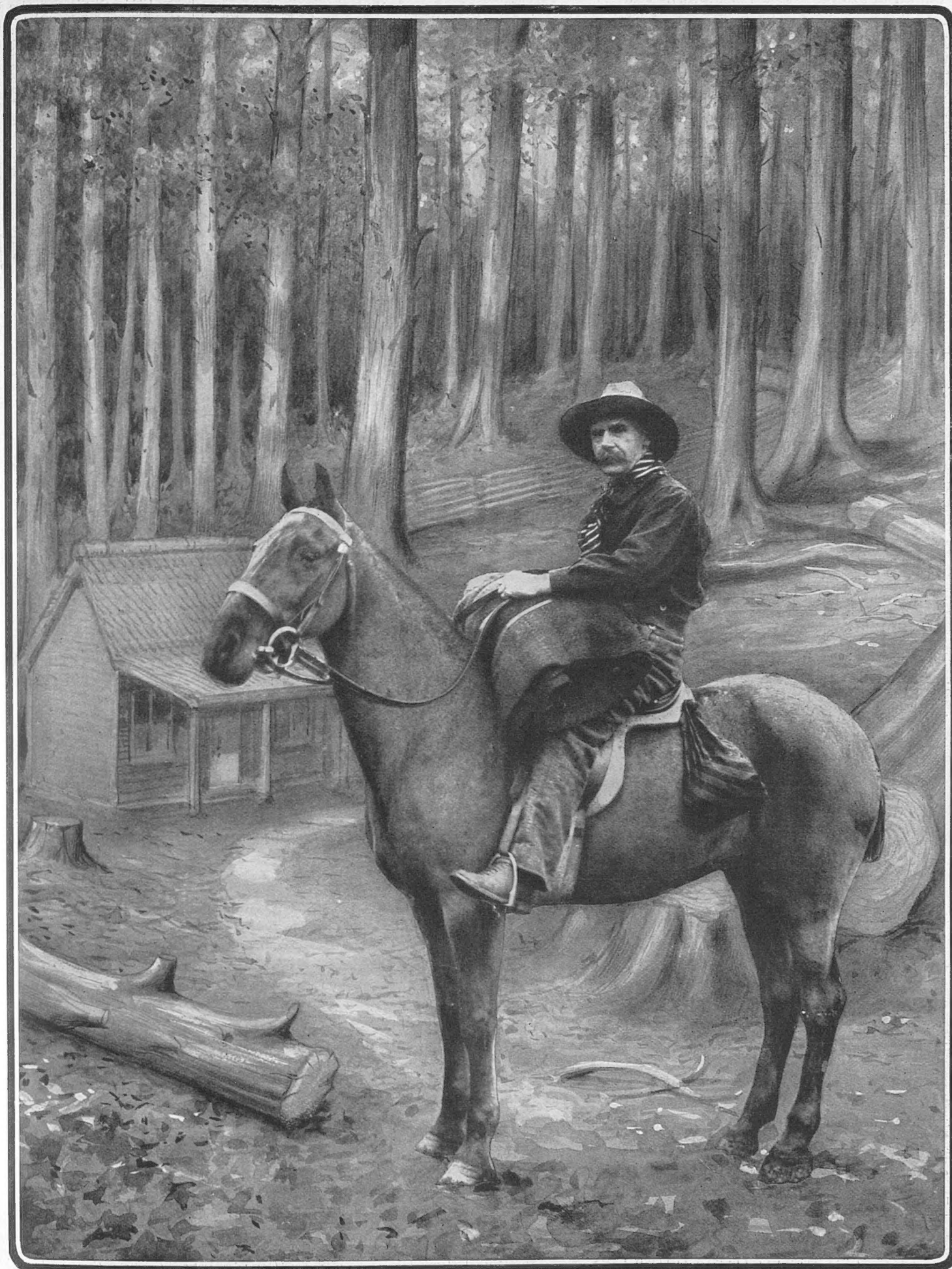
I read that the men of the 1st South Staffordshire Regiment are annoyed with the instructions recently appearing in the Battalion Orders which make it necessary for them to take a bath at least once a week. "Any man," state the instructions, "who is not recorded on his company roll as having had a bath on or before Thursday in each week will be paraded on Friday or Saturday afternoon and washed by a fatigue party under the superintendence of the colour-sergeant and his section-commander." But where in the world is the hardship in all this? When I stay at an hotel, I have to pay a shilling or eighteenpence for a bath, and bathe myself. No fatigue party appears to save me the trouble. No kindly colour-sergeant or section-commander bothers himself to see that I am properly washed. I suppose the pampered fellows expect to be swabbed down by the colonel!

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## MR. G. H. DRUCE IN A SETTING BY HIMSELF.



MR. GEORGE HOLLAMBY DRUCE, IN AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S OUTFIT, OUTSIDE HIS HUT  
IN NEERIN, GIPPSLAND, VICTORIA.

Our photograph shows Mr. George Hollamby Druce, who claims the Portland estates, in the type of outfit he wore during his life in Australia, and we have placed him in a setting which shows the hut in which he used to live at Neerin. This background is drawn from a sketch made by the claimant himself. Mr. Druce is writing an account of his life in Australia exclusively for the "Penny Illustrated Paper," and the first instalment of his exceedingly interesting narrative will be found in the current issue of that paper.

*Setting by "The Sketch" from a drawing by Mr. G. H. Druce: copyright portrait by the Topical Press.*



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## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, DECEMBER 7.

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THE KAISER'S TEA-PARTY TO SCHOOLCHILDREN.  
PLANTS AS WEATHER - PROPHETS.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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December 4, 1907.

Signature .....



## FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

### "CŒUR À CŒUR."

By Romain Coolus.  
Théâtre Antoine.

Lucienne Helloin is the only child of her husband, as it were. She is a young lady—but no, let us be brutally outspoken and call her a flapper. I don't mean to say that she wears her skirts short and her hair in a pig-tail. What I mean is that Lucienne's temperament reminds me of that of a sole. Cold-blooded? Not much. Oh, dear no! Lucienne's temperament, when you get hold of it, flaps just like a sole does when you lift it off the fishmonger's slab. Only it is hot water, not salt water, for which Lucienne is hankering. And she gets into it with both feet. While she is staying with her friends, Marcel and Clotilde Morain, in the country she meets the water-carrier, a young man named André Landelle. Landelle makes love to her, and Lucienne tells him that she loves her husband, and will never, never, never. Then the bold and bad young man puts his right arm around her yielding waist, she gives a little shiver, and their lips meet. These things are always done like that in France. In England, of course, there is no such thing as love without the usual formalities, because there is the Censor there.

When you come to think of it, the usual formalities take place in France too. But they are not the same formalities, as you will see by reading what I have just written. Being in love with André, Lucienne neglects Clotilde at his request. He has a reason for urging this, has that bad young man. For while his lips have been resting after their meeting with Lucienne's, they have whispered soft somethings to Anna Holska, a rich young lady from the Balkans, whom they have persuaded to marry him. But one day Lucienne goes to have tea with Madame Morain and learns Landelle's secret there. She drinks her tea without sugar, puts the tongs in her muff, and shows other evident signs of distress. In the carriage, on the way home, when her husband inquires, in that paternal way of his that annoys her so, after her health, she says that there is nothing the matter, grows cold to the lips, and stiffens. She doesn't do these things on the stage; but her husband tells us all about them in the second act, when Lucienne is very ill indeed. She has spent a bad night. During the small hours her husband has heard her weeping silently (I don't know how he could have heard her do that quite, but it is the very worst way to weep), and at intervals she has chewed up the lace on her pillow. So she naturally has indigestion. Her husband, Jacques Helloin, wants to know why, and finds out. It hurts him—it hurts him horribly. But he comes to the conclusion that, as he is so very much older than his wife, such a little thing as the marriage ceremony must not be allowed to interfere with her happiness. "André Landelle is your lover?" he asks. "Yes, dear!" says Lucienne. "And he is going to be married?" "He is!" she replies. "I will make him return to you," says Jacques Helloin. "But he w-w-w-won't," says Lucienne. "We shall see what we shall see," or words to that effect, replies her

husband. Then he sends the butler round to fetch Landelle, and asks his wife to be kind enough to go and weep over the carpet in her own room while he is talking to her lover. He is quite rude to André, and between you and me and Mr. Redford he is quite right to be so, for André is several kinds of a skunk. Jacques Helloin explains his point of view. Landelle has an engagement to lunch with his fiancée, Anna Holska, in half an hour, and Jacques explains that the lady will not enjoy lunching with her fiancé's corpse. Therefore he puts it to Landelle that it would be wise for him not to neglect the big revolver which the angry husband produces from his pocket, and suggests that he allow himself to be prevailed upon to break off his engagement with Miss Holska and resume his illicit relationship with Madame Helloin. "I don't wish to appear illogical," explains the husband. "You are a dirty blackguard, and therefore my wife is convinced that she can be happy with no other man. I love her so much that I propose to let her have her own way. I will disappear or divorce her, and you shall marry her. And you've got to promise to do so now, or you won't be in a fit state to marry anybody." Landelle says he doesn't care a coin about the place to which Helloin threatens to send him, for the threat to send him

there, or for the lady on whose behalf the threat is made. He admits that he has been very fond of Lucienne; but he is tired of her now, and he's going to marry Miss Holska or bust. "Then bust," says Jacques Helloin (he puts it more prettily than that, of course), and brings out the big black revolver again. He fires at the ceiling, however (the house was his own), and Lucienne rushes in and faints all over the room. The two men run to pick her up. But she picks herself up, and looking heartfelt regret and things at her husband, she shudders away from Landelle; which, of course—though the author forgot it in the excitement of the scene, I expect—was exactly what that unpleasant young man André Landelle had wanted all along. André Landelle then goes to lunch with Anna Holska, whom he will marry after the fall of the curtain. She lives in Poland, and is an inveterate piano-player, which should be punishment enough for anybody. Jacques Helloin opens an album with pictures of his wife from the time she cut her first tooth down to the present day. He explains that all through that dreadful night when Lucienne was acquiring an indigestion of laced pillow-slip he had been poring over these photographs. He did not tell us or not whether he had meditated sending them on approval to the *Strand Magazine*, because just then Lucienne gave a gulp and a gurgle, fell into his arms, and said that she would tut-tut-try to make him

happy. I am thinking of asking permission to start a *poudre-de-riz* stall in the Théâtre Antoine during the run of "Cœur à Cœur." The ladies (logic is not their strong point, bless them) had to repair their pretty faces for several minutes before they were ready to be taken out to supper.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



SOME OF FRANCE'S DESIRABLE ALIENS: THE SISTERS LORRISON.

Troupes of English dancers are remarkably popular with the theatre-going public of France, and there is hardly a week that does not see the "Sisters So-and-So" at one or another of our neighbours' theatres and halls. Amongst the many troupes of stage singers and dancers well known and much appreciated in Paris are the Sisters Lorrison—"desirable aliens" indeed.

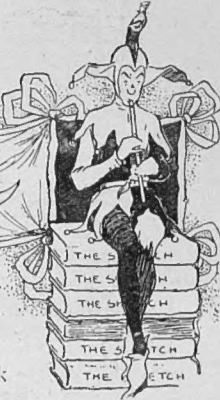


ACTRESS AND COMPOSER: Mlle. MARGUERITE LEFEVRE.

Mlle. Lefèvre has been meeting with much success by reason of her rendering of "Marguerites," a song which is said to have been written and composed by the actress herself.

happy. I am thinking of asking permission to start a *poudre-de-riz* stall in the Théâtre Antoine during the run of "Cœur à Cœur." The ladies (logic is not their strong point, bless them) had to repair their pretty faces for several minutes before they were ready to be taken out to supper.





# THE CLUBMAN

THE COMING CLUB LAW—THE DESTRUCTION OF GAME AT THE CAPE.

MR. ASQUITH has promised the working-men who belong to working-men's clubs that they shall be no worse treated than the rich men who belong to clubs in Piccadilly and Pall Mall, and he has added, further, that when the Bill concerning clubs is put before Parliament, no bonâ-fide member of a bonâ-fide club will find himself any the worse for it. What the provisions of the Bill will be are as yet Mr. Asquith's secret, but I should imagine that a sufficiency of inspection to make sure that a club is something more than a drinking-den will be insisted upon. Pall Mall and Piccadilly will, of course, not suffer by this, but unless the inspectors are above all suspicion, I can well imagine that working-men may be afraid that their clubs will be sometimes reported against out of spite.

The inspection of clubs, if it comes, will have its comic side if it is both vigorously and evenly carried out. If an inspector is allowed to ask a working-man how many glasses of beer he has drunk without eating any food, another inspector should catechise any Bishop in the Athenæum seen sipping a glass of port in the afternoon; and the questions which might be asked of some of the rubicund retired Colonels in the Service clubs would provoke an apoplexy of wrath.

A movement is on foot in Cape Colony to prevent the extirpation of all the game, and in speeches and in the South African papers men are recalling the days when the veldt used to be alive with buck. A railway is to be made up Table Mountain, and people who have a sentimental affection for that wild hill-top, which is generally shrouded by the mass of cloud which is called the Tablecloth, are asking that the trippers who will now picnic on the wild tableland of the summit may be prevented by law from any wanton destruction of animal life or of things held sacred by the natives.

I can remember the days when in the Transvaal the plains on the northern side of the river from which the colony took its name teemed with game. Riding up to Pretoria when Sir Theophilus Shepstone first proclaimed the Transvaal British territory, great herds of springbok and droves of wildebeeste scampered across the track or raced

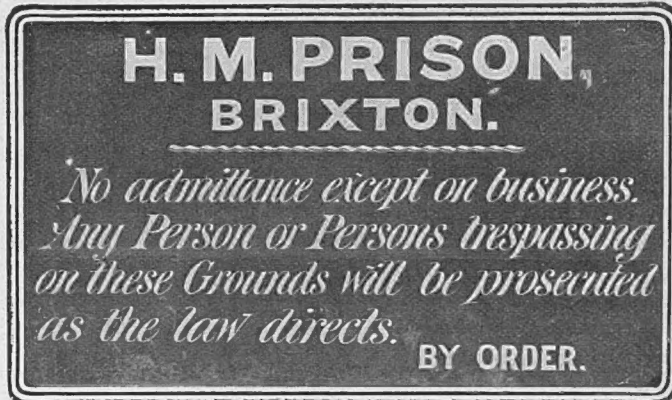
up, keeping out of rifle-shot, to halt and look at the men in red coats—a new sight to them. The Boers never shot the buck out of wantonness—ammunition was too expensive for them to do anything

so foolish as that; but they killed just enough to make "biltong" for themselves and their families. The buck were very much like an army of men. They stood the loss of a certain percentage of their comrades without being frightened away.

For some months I was quartered at Standerton, on the Vaal River—now, I believe, a flourishing town, but in those almost prehistoric days a place of two stores and half-a-dozen other mud-and-zinc houses. Within rifle-shot of my tent door the buck used to come down to drink at a drift of the river, but neither officers nor men ever shot at them there, for the sight was too pretty a one to spoil for the British love of killing something.

The storekeeper who had contracted to supply the camp with rations was requested to give tinned delicacies and jams in the place of beef, and we never could spend the full amount of money we were authorised to draw to provide ourselves with bread and meat.

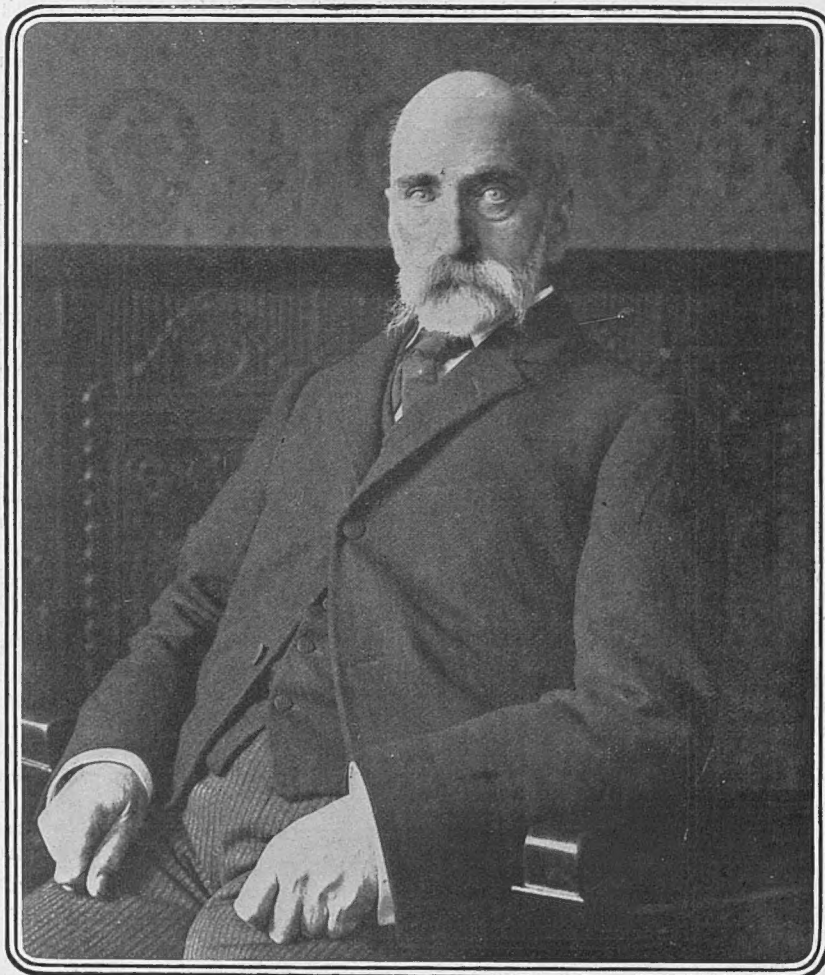
The withdrawal of the buck from the plains between Standerton and Heidelberg was almost dramatic. Troops were continually moving along the veldt tracks, for the natives in the north and the east were growing troublesome, and every officer and every sergeant who possessed a pony used to ride away from the columns into the veldt to shoot. The buck had minded little the losses caused by the Boers and by the men of the little camp, but this continual harrying frightened them. The last straw came when a battery of artillery moved up the road, and the commander, not having expended all the ammunition he had to fire away during the year in practice, turned his guns, laden with shrapnel, against a herd of springbok. The execution done was extraordinarily small, but this last outrage thoroughly frightened the buck. Next morning there was not living horn or hide on all the great stretch of plain.



A MOST UNNECESSARY WARNING: THE "NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS" NOTICE JUST PLACED OUTSIDE THE PRISON AT BRIXTON.

Photograph by Topical Press.

The men, paying for their own ammunition, used to ride out on to the veldt, and shoot enough buck to keep the camp in meat.



THE CLAIM FOR A HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS: MR. GEORGE HORTON MORRIS, WHO IS INVESTIGATING HIS CLAIM TO THE PAGE ESTATE.

Mr. Morris is investigating his claim to the Page estate, which is said to have an area of sixty square miles, lying north and west of the Marble Arch, and including about a third of the county of Middlesex, whole suburbs of London, and some parts of rural Hertfordshire. Like Mr. G. H. Druce, who claims the Portland estate, he comes from Australia, but he was born in Stepney, sixty-three years ago. He has been sailor, gold-miner, hotel-manager, manager of a woollen business, and Sydney manager of Maconochie's, the famous Yarmouth fish firm.

Copyright Photograph by the Topical Press.



## IF YOU MISS YOUR TOP HAT

LOOK FOR IT AMONG YOUR HOUSEHOLD'S "ART TREASURES."



## ARTLESSNESS IN THE HOME: A NEW USE FOR OLD HATS.

Someone with considerable ingenuity (obviously a woman) has discovered that the top hat and the bowler, hitherto regarded as hopelessly unornamental, may be turned to use in the home, on the principle that enables an egg-box to be transformed into a dressing-table. The name of the pioneer in this matter has not been disclosed, doubtless for fear there may be, of a sudden, a being less in the world. Rumour has it that husbands jealous of their hats are putting them under lock and key, and setting close watch upon them.—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"WASTE," AND A CROWD OF PLAYS.

SINCE last week the critics have been invited to the production of "Cæsar and Cleopatra," "Waste," "Fido," "Oiseaux de Passage," and "The New York Idea"; to the revival of "The Cuckoo" and "The New Boy"; to the transfer of "The Devil's Disciple," with an important change in the cast, and "The Education of Elizabeth," with a new last act; and to the three-hundredth performance of "Miss Hook of Holland." What an agreeable, quiet week! The chief event was the presentation of Mr. Granville Barker's tragedy, "Waste," by the Stage Society, an event the more interesting because the play was prohibited by the Censor, some appear to think, on grounds of decency and delicacy, and others because of its candid discussion of politics. Perhaps one or two alterations might wisely have been made, and would, if they could have ransomed the play. As it was, the piece offends no more than others of infinitely less value that have been passed and caused no scandal. The prohibition is a serious injury to our stage.

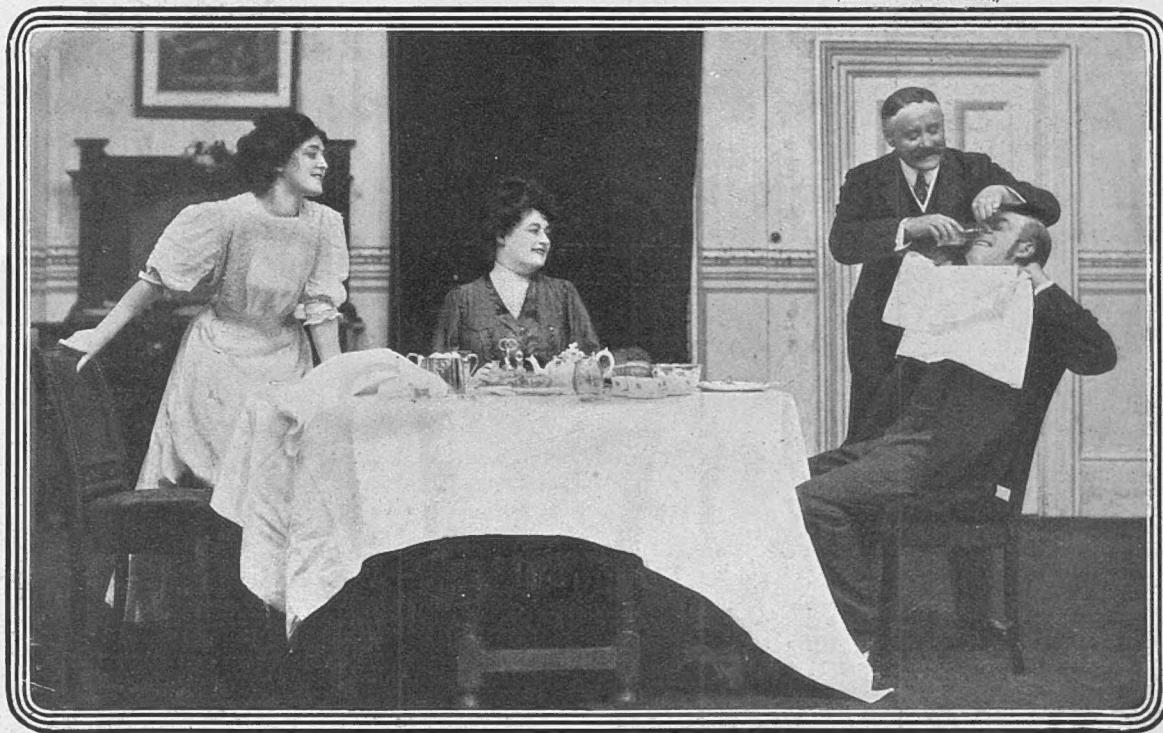
"Waste" is not faultless, but it is a powerful dramatic play, amazingly rich in finely drawn character, and, above all, full of impressive, interesting ideas. Too full, indeed, for sometimes the audience pants vainly after the author, not having time to digest one pregnant idea before another is reached. There was rather too great strain upon us in some passages, and for once we suffered from a surfeit, not from the customary dearth of ideas. This is a good reason for seeing the play again, and this, alas! is forbidden. Apart from the intellectual side, it is very strong, sometimes heartrending drama, but relieved occasionally by quiet passages of fine humour. Moreover, this great play—for the word "great" will out—was brilliantly acted by a company certainly inspired by the admirably drawn characters. Mr. Barker, though he played very skilfully, and had one most powerful passage, was not quite the ideal actor for Trebell; but Miss Henrietta Watson was superb in the part of his sister, and the scene between the two when Trebell hears of his catastrophe, and she guesses he may commit suicide, was very touching. Miss Aimée de Burgh made a big hit as the frivolous, pretty little woman whose cowardice in shunning the peril of motherhood brought about the ruin of Trebell; and she well deserved her triumph. One might go through the whole long cast and give well-deserved praise to every member; and it is impossible not to speak of such admirable work as that of Miss Beryl Faber and Messrs. Dennis Eadie, H. Vibart, Berte Thomas, F. Lloyd, Fisher White, and Vernon Steel.

"Cæsar and Cleopatra," which after long touring has come to town, proved rather disappointing to the admirers of "G. B. S." His serious effort at a study of Cæsar presents a figure of some greatness utilised ineffectively. The innocent intrigue with Cleopatra after a while becomes a little trying. The play does not seem to advance—partly because the most moving act has been eliminated; and one finds at the end that instead of defeating Shakespeare the living dramatist has had a check, for his play is even less dramatic

than the "Julius Cæsar" which, after the death of the hero, is cruelly chaotic. Mr. Forbes Robertson made a very fine figure of Cæsar, and everyone was delighted to see him back again; moreover, in many passages he was deeply interesting and impressive. Miss Gertrude Elliott acted very well as Cleopatra, but could not make much of the shallow little vixen. Mr. Ian Robertson was funny in the part of Britannus—unfortunately, cut very severely, and Master Philip Tonge was quite clever as the youthful Ptolemy. Despite its faults, the play has many amusing passages and several strong scenes; and it has been mounted so cleverly that several of the pictures of Egypt are very striking—notably the one of the Sphinx in the desert.

"The Devil's Disciple" goes capitally at its new home, the Queen's. Mr. Luigi Lablache, if a little slow, gives a richness of humour to the character of Burgoyne which we had missed at the Savoy; whilst

Charlie Marshall  
(Mr. Charles V. France.)



Minnie Vincent  
(Miss Madge Titheradge.)

Alice Entwistle  
(Miss Winifred Emery.)

James Entwistle  
(Mr. Cyril Maude.)

THE PLAYHOUSE MATINEES: "FIDO," AN ADAPTATION OF "MÉDOR."

CHARLIE MARSHALL: "I took my little Jemmy by the nose, and poured it down his throat, like this."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

Elizabeth, Miss Hilda Anthony, shows a good deal of ability and charm in the name-part.

"The New York Idea," at the Apollo, purports to be an American view of the American divorce laws, but it is, in fact, a farcical comedy of no very great importance, based on the complications which may arise when A has divorced B, C has divorced D. A is about to marry C, and discovers that, after all, she prefers B. Its chief merit is that it gives Miss Ellis Jeffreys a good part, with plenty of variety; but the characteristic American humour is missing, and there is not very much ordinary humour to fill its place.—Mr. Cyril Maude has produced for some matinees at the Playhouse an English version, by Mrs. Eva Anstruther, of "Médor." The adaptation is quite well done, and "Fido" is a curious little play, in which pathos and farce are strangely mixed. Mr. Cyril Maude is at his best as a little, middle-aged City clerk roused to wrath by the thoughtless boisterousness of an old schoolfellow, who nearly robs him of his wife; and as the wife, Miss Winifred Emery plays very graciously. There has also been a revival at the Vaudeville of Mr. Brookfield's French farce, "The Cuckoo," with Mr. Charles Hawtreys, Mr. O. B. Clarence, Miss Sarah Brooke, and Miss Marie Alvarez all making the most of material a little out of date, though it has not lost its popularity; and at the Royalty Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat has been winding up the French season with a fine performance as the heroine of "Oiseaux de Passage"—a story of the triumph of patriotism over love.

Mr. Barker, as the Dick Dudgeon, is drier and more plausible than his predecessor; altogether, it makes a very amusing entertainment, with some thrills in it.—Mr. Roy Horniman has acted wisely and boldly in making some substantial changes in his clever play, "The Education of Elizabeth," which, aided by a new last act and some other alterations, was very well received upon its transfer to the Haymarket. The new



## SHOOTING FROM A PULPIT; AND A TREE-CLIMBING DOG.



IMITATING ITS QUARRY: A DOG CLIMBING A TREE  
AFTER A CAT.



SHOOTING FROM A "PULPIT": A HUNTSMAN SEATED IN A TREE  
ABOVE A FOX'S EARTH.

The dog, Koenig Graf Roland, developed the habit of climbing trees when cat-chasing, and no doubt learnt the trick from his father, who was wont to do the same thing. The platform on which the sportsman is seated is known in Germany as "Kanzel" (literally "pulpit"), and is the equivalent of the East Indian "machan." It is not unusual to shoot foxes on the Continent. It will be noted that a fox is appearing from its earth at the foot of the tree shown in our second photograph, and that on the platform with the sportsman is his dog.



## SMALL TALK



WIFE OF THE MILITARY SECRETARY  
TO THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT:  
LADY LANESBOROUGH.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

she looks as if she were in the early twenties. She is a fine sportswoman, being, indeed, considered in County Cavan the best rider to hounds in Ireland. Lord and Lady Lanesborough are a well-contrasted pair, for he is as dark as she is fair. They have a son and heir, who is an Etonian, and two daughters, who seem likely to grow up as pretty and as plucky as is their mother.

### *The Intrusions of the Savant.*

There are various learned persons in Paris, and out of it, who are giving themselves to the study of animals' souls. The most enthusiastic of these psychologists—a little band of savants—turned themselves into divers (for all the world as if they were looking for Thomas relics in the Seine, such as happened the other day) and sat down patiently at the bottom of a reservoir. Their object was to study the fish, *chez lui*; to see how he conducted himself in his native

element: whether he was good to his

wife and family, or simply played with other fish, without attending to his business. Whether the fish-observers have caught anything except colds seems very unlikely. Considering the time of year and the temperament of fishes, the reception of the visitors was doubtless chilly. Piscis, no doubt, felt offended that the sanctity of his home waters should be invaded and his native mud disturbed by alien feet.

### *A Beautiful Hostess of Royalty.*

Lady Lanesborough, who is to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales at Blankney, has long been a favourite hostess of royalty. She is a sister of Lord Westmorland, and as Lady Grace Fane was the tallest and fairest of debutantes. Blankney Hall, Lincolnshire, is in the midst of ideal sporting country, and Lady Lanesborough is a keen sports-woman as well as a good amateur actress. She is the happy owner of the finest emeralds possessed by any peeress, and when wearing them she generally appears either in pure white or in palest green. Both as Lady Raincliffe and since her husband succeeded to the title Lady Lanesborough has often entertained royalty.

### *A National Benefactor.*

Without dotting the country with libraries, or making two organs play where only a harmonium squeaked before, Lord Michelham is a national benefactor. He always does the right thing in the right way. When there was a

danger that the Rokeby Velasquez would after all be snatched from our grasp, he quietly popped in his cheque for a round eight thousand and settled the whole business. When Selby Abbey was burnt out, and example was worth as much as material grant, he led the way with a gift of three thousand pounds. Now he has promised to

crowd one of the beauties of the capital by getting Adrian Jones, perhaps the best sculptor of horses in the world, fittingly to round off the famous arch on Constitution Hill. May they have more secure tenure than the horses of Berlin, which, it will be remembered, were carried to Paris. These horses have since gone prancing back, but now they face inwards to the capital, an everlasting reminder that an enemy once took them in the opposite direction.

TO ENTERTAIN THE PRINCE AND  
PRINCESS OF WALES AT BLANKNEY:  
LADY LANESBOROUGH.

*Photograph by Langfer.*



A SWEDISH PEASANT, GIVEN BY  
THE DUCHESS OF SCANIA.

PUPPETS THAT WILL AID CHARITY:  
DOLLS PRESENTED BY ROYALTY  
TO THE NOVELISTS' BAZAAR.



A NORWEGIAN ERIDE, GIVEN BY  
THE QUEEN OF NORWAY.



A GERMAN HAUSFRAU, GIVEN BY  
THE GERMAN EMPRESS.



A CASTILIAN BEAUTY, GIVEN BY  
THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.



DUFF HIGHLANDERS, GIVEN BY THE PRINCESSES  
ALEXANDRA AND MAUD OF FIFE.



AN IRISHMAN AND AN IRISHWOMAN, GIVEN  
BY PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.



## CRADLES FOR CALVES, AND A SWING-TABLE FOR SICK HORSES.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



## TAKING CARE OF THE YOUNGSTERS: CURIOUS "BABY-CHAIRS" FOR CALVES.

Our photograph was taken at a model dairy-farm in a Parisian suburb. At this farm calves are not left by the side of their mothers, or foster-mothers, but are isolated immediately after birth, and placed in a wooden cradle.

*Photograph supplied by Underwood and Underwood.*



## A CANDIDATE FOR THE SUN-PARLOUR: AN OPERATION IN PROGRESS IN A HORSE-DOCTOR'S SURGERY.

Our photograph was taken in New York, at the largest hospital for horses in the world. The roof of the building is known as a "sun-parlour," and there horses that are convalescent remain during the daytime. Electric lifts convey the animals to this. In the room below is the operating-table here illustrated. This is a great steel frame, hung up as on an axle, and revolving like a wheel. The horse to be operated on is led up to this frame and firmly fastened to it by means of straps and padded bars until he cannot move. The anæsthetic is then administered, and when all is ready the frame is swung into the position most convenient for the operating surgeon.

*Photograph supplied by H. J. Shepstone*





MISS IRENE ROSALIND BUTLER, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN R. WILKINSON.

*Photograph by Thomson.*

seen together in this country since the new reign. The Queen has this year had the joy of spending her birthday surrounded by her own family, and the restoration to health of the Princess Royal must be a special cause of thankfulness to her devoted parents.

#### *The Hon. Lady Talbot.*

Sir Reginald and Lady Talbot are being eagerly awaited at Melbourne, for never was Governor more popular than the gallant officer who has had so varied and distinguished a career, and is, it may be added, exactly the same age as the King. Both he and Lady Talbot, who was before her marriage Miss Margaret Jane Stuart-Wortley, were born into the purple of official life, and for the last three years they have added to their various experiences—which ranged from Paris, where Sir Reginald was Military Attaché, to Egypt, where he commanded the Army of Occupation from 1899 to 1903—that of being uncrowned King and Queen of one of the greatest and most important of the Mother Country's colonies. Lady Talbot has the same administrative gifts as has her sister, Lady Lyttelton, and she takes the closest personal interest in both the social and philanthropic life of Melbourne.

#### *Alien British Officers.*

That was quite a nice little lunch which the 16th Lancers gave the King of Spain the other day. He owes them thanks for it, but he owes to the late Queen thanks for the opportunity of eating it as Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment. She believed in these honorary appointments. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was War Secretary at the time the point was decided, did not. She wanted the Tsar gazetted Colonel-in-Chief of the Scots Greys. Sir Henry pointed out that if this appointment were made, all the other crowned heads of Europe would expect similar honours, which would cause not a little inconvenience. The Queen listened to all the arguments; then politely but firmly answered: "I do not think it is impossible. At any rate we will do it all the same." And it was done; and to-day not only the Tsar and the King of Spain, but the German Emperor and the Emperor of Austria hold honorary rank in our Army.

#### *Two Noteworthy Engagements.*

One of the prettiest of winter weddings is likely to be that of Miss Bowles, the daughter of the genial politician whom all the world calls "Tommy," to Captain Bailey, D.S.O., of the 12th Royal Lancers. The wedding of Miss Bowles's eldest sister, now the Hon. Mrs. D. Mitford, brought together a

## CROWNS · CORONETS · & COURTIER

THE King and Queen are now enjoying a brief, and indeed a well-earned

rest after the brilliant series of entertainments given by them in honour of the most considerable group of crowned and royal personages ever

record crowd of distinguished folk; and doubtless Captain Bailey's bride will be equally

honoured, for statesmen of all shades of opinion are attached to the ever light-hearted politician who was, unfortunately, thrown out at the last General Election, and is sadly missed at St. Stephen's. The other engagement may be regarded as of interest to the Army and Navy, for the lady in this case is Miss Irene Rosalind Butler, the fourth daughter of the late Fleet-Surgeon E. J. Butler, and her fiancé is Captain R. Wilkinson, of the Gloucestershire Regiment.



WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR OF VICTORIA: THE HON. LADY TALBOT.

*Photograph by Alice Mills.*

#### *Decimus Burton's Work.*

Londoners little know how much they owe to Decimus Burton; in particular, the Athenæum Club and the Royal Humane Society's house on the Serpentine were designed by him, as well as the great conservatory at the Botanic Gardens; and Burton Crescent, in Bloomsbury, was named after him. It is a curious coincidence that his design for the Constitution Hill arch should be completed just when St. Dunstan's House, Regent's Park, is in the market. Burton built this house for the Lord Herford who was the original of Thackeray's Lord Steyne, and there are the two giants from old St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street, which strike the quarters. The story goes that, when the Marquess was a child, his nurse used to take him, if he was good, to see the giants, and he then resolved that he would buy them when he grew up. This he actually did when the church was pulled down, and the house, which afterwards passed into the possession of the late Lord Aldenham, was called after them.

#### *London's New Alderman.*

Sir George Goldie, who has been unanimously elected an Alderman of the London County Council, in succession to Sir Vincent Caillard, is the man who added Nigeria to John Bull's other little properties in Africa. Born a Manxman, sixty-one years ago, it is decidedly difficult to "put salt on his tail," and a certain length of head and determination in the nose reveal that Sir George is, still further back, a Scot. In fact, he descends from the Goldies, or Gowdies, of Carlyle's Craigenputtock, some members of which family rose to high military position in Germany. Just thirty years ago he conceived the daring scheme of securing the vast territories on the Niger River for England, and to do that he had to conquer, not undisciplined savages, but civilised Moslems, well equipped with weapons of precision. Nothing more marvellous has ever been done in Africa, for Sir George had only five hundred Haussa levies, not British troops. Of late he has set himself to improve the teaching of geography in our schools and colleges.

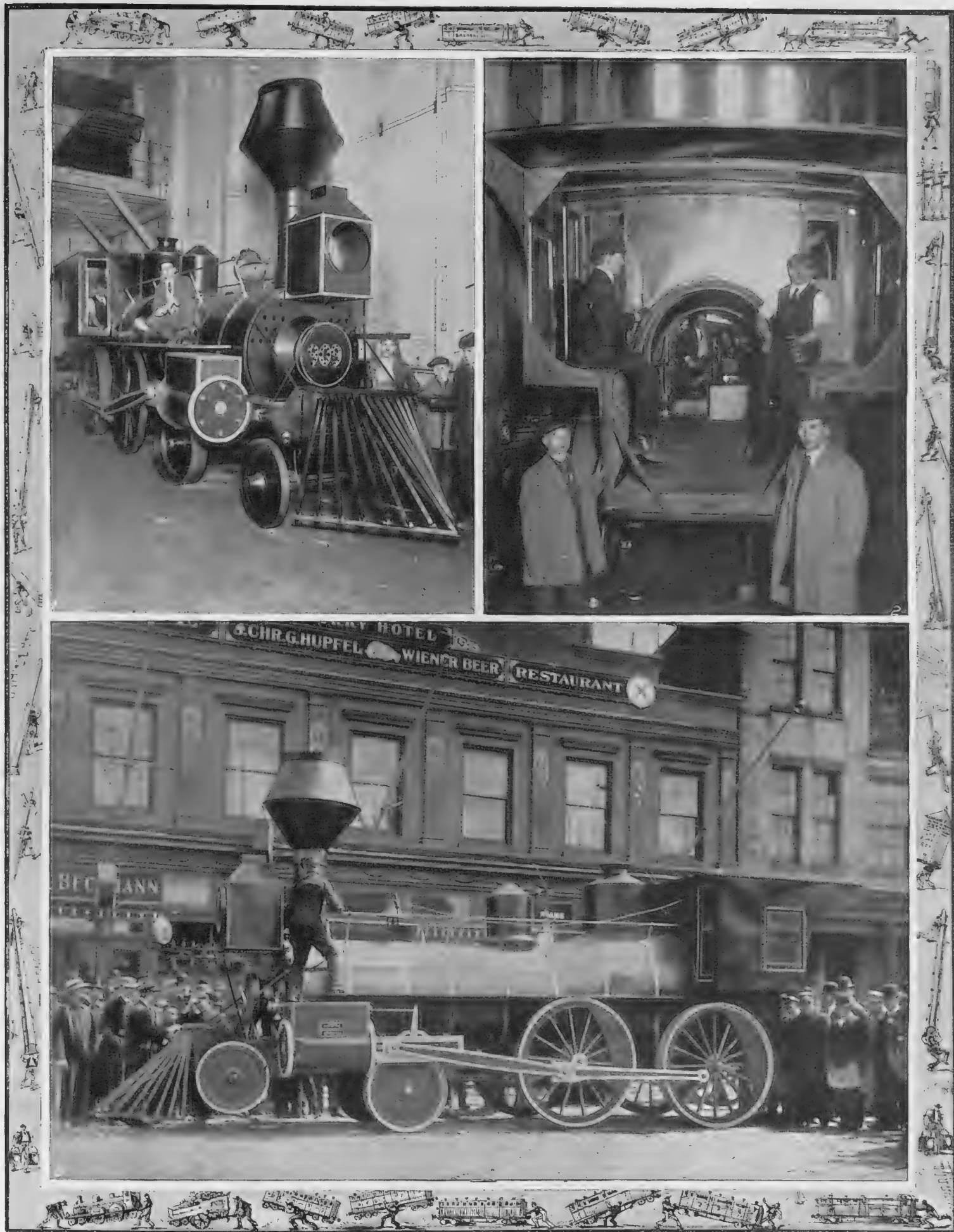


OUR YOUNGEST BARONESS AND HER SISTER: THE BARONESS CLIFTON OF LEIGHTON BROMSWOLD, AND MISS JEMIMA LEVESON.

The little Baroness was born on January 22, 1900, and succeeded to the title in the same year. She is the daughter of the seventh Earl of Darnley, and the barony passed to her on the death of her father, the earldom going to her uncle. Her mother, who was Miss Jemima Adeline Beatrice Blackwood when she married the seventh Earl, was married in 1902 to Captain Arthur Cavenagh Leveson, R.N.—[*Photograph by R. B. Corway.*]

## DISGUISE YOUR CAR AND DODGE POLICE TRAPS

(IF YOU ARE LUCKY ENOUGH AND PLUCKY ENOUGH).



1. A MOTOR-CAR DISGUISED AS A RAILWAY ENGINE.

2. THE WORKS—HUMAN AND OTHERWISE—OF THE MOTOR-CAR RAILWAY ENGINE, SHOWING THE DRIVER SEATED IN THE "BOILER."

3. THE MOTOR-CAR RAILWAY ENGINE STARTING ON ITS JOURNEY THROUGH NEW YORK STREETS.

## A MOTOR-CAR IN FANCY DRESS: A STRANGE "RAILWAY ENGINE" IN A NEW YORK STREET.

A short time ago the "railway engine" here illustrated made a triumphal progress through the streets of New York, smoke pouring from its funnel. Inquisitive reporters promptly discovered that it was a motor-car, and that the whole contrivance was intended to draw the train "held up" every night at Buffalo Bill's Show. The "engine" consumes petrol, and the smoke from the funnel is occasioned by over-lubrication. The driving-wheels of the motor—enlarged as necessary—form the driving-wheels of the engine.

*Photographs supplied by Mountstephen.*





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Was It Suicide?** Alexander the Great wept for the lack of more worlds to conquer; Cecil Rhodes was in despair because he could not annex a star against the day when all this world shall be parcelled out in small allotments. Poor Henrik Emile Borgstrom has put a period to his life because he found humanity hopeless. What strange creatures we all are! It is a stock story, dear to the heart of the gourmet, that a zealous chef dispatched himself because something went wrong with one of the courses at a banquet for which he was responsible. Sir Roger Colin Molyneux Curtis, Bt., reigns in the stead of his father because a joker in the wilderness laughingly protested against the soup which Sir Arthur Curtis had compounded. They were camping out in the wilds, en route to Klondike, and the Baronet was cook to the party. "Why," complained one of the pioneers, "you seem to have turned the river into the porridge." They were encamped upon the Mud River. Sir Arthur appears to have taken the words to heart. He wandered forth from the camp, and did not return. They sought for him, but found no trace; they left word for him to follow to their next camping-ground. He was never seen again; and the next mention of his name was in the Probate Court, where leave was given to presume his death as having occurred on the day he wandered, alone and unprovided, from the camp, in June 1898.

#### Our Friend the Enemy.

We hear little of the rebellion in China, but must not assume that it has been stamped out. There are many men yet living who formed part of our expedition to Peking when the "Son of Heaven" was making a great part of China closely

to resemble the antithesis of the kingdom to which, in his title, he laid claim. We in the outer world knew next to nothing of the Taiping Rebellion—though it cost millions of lives—until Gordon and the Ever Victorious Army so wonderfully extinguished it. There will scarcely be an opportunity this time for a repetition of what may fairly be deemed the record request made to the British force. They had come to drive daylight through the walls of the capital. On the way they had to put paid to the account of the Governor of the province in which Soochow is situated. Now, Soochow had newly fallen into the

gory hands of the "Son of Heaven." Out, therefore, came the Governor-General, upon whom the Britons were there to make war, to beg them to march upon Soochow and—retake it for the Emperor! If they did this, he cheerfully added, he would

the hoof. He had only one vast sausage and a little liquor in the way of rations, but these carried him over his journey. He reached the column just as the charge was about to be made on the Malakand Pass. Into the fighting he went; unknown, as a private, and was one of the first three on the summit. The fighting over, he had to dodge all possibilities of recognition, and make a bolt for the railway, where he would be most likely to get a train back to headquarters. He got his train, and reached home in time. But his stripes were in his pocket. He had torn those off before going into battle, in order that he might not be recognised.

#### Below the Surface.

A collision under water between submarines is the sort of idea at which an up-to-date realistic novelist would jump. The real thing has come in advance of the imaginary, in that collision of which the papers have just been telling us. Perhaps more of this sort of thing happens during manoeuvres than the authorities deem it necessary publicly to announce. Sir Nathaniel Barnaby, in his volume on naval history, gives us a startling little story which bears out the notion. The officer in command of a submarine

was operating in the depths of a certain harbour without the knowledge of the officers in command of normal vessels of war. Suddenly, when the submarine was about to ascend, she hit against something which would not budge. The more ballast that the crew let out, the more firmly the submarine seemed to be wedged. Meantime,

the Captain of one of the big ships felt a most uncanny thumping and butting under his vessel. He could not make it out. He telegraphed, asking if one of those confounded submarines was at work, and received an answer in the affirmative. So he promptly raised anchor and shifted his position. With equal promptitude, up bobbed the submarine beside him. The big ship had been holding the little craft down, and there would assuredly have been another tragedy to record had not the Captain of the man-of-war so readily put two and two together.



THE APPARATUS AS AN ARM-REST.

COMFORT THAT CAN BE CARRIED: AN INGENIOUS REST FOR RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

The rest is the invention of a German, and is as simple as it is ingenious and cheap. It will be noticed that it is slung from the luggage-rack.

Photos. by Halfordes, Ltd.

inform his celestial master of the laudable service rendered, and he had no doubt that, as a reward for that service, they would be granted all they asked. It was after this cool request that Sir

Harry Parkes and the other unfortunates were submitted to such diabolical torture.

#### A Hero in Disguise.

Sir Ian Hamilton's story of the sacrifices made by certain officers in order to do a bit of real fighting recalls one of that gallant fellow the late Colonel P. K. Doyne. Refused leave to accompany the Chitral Expedition of a dozen years ago, he gained permission for five days' leave for "shooting." He bundled into a train, which carried him as near as any could to the operations; then, unable to obtain a horse, set out to pad



AS A WRITING-DESK.



AS A HEAD-SUPPORT WHILE SLEEPING.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND."



II.—THE MOCK TURTLE'S TALE.

Now that a successor to Tenniel has been found in the person of Mr. Arthur Rackham, we have ventured—with profound apologies to all concerned—to find not only a third artist, but a new "Alice," whose adventures, we hope, will be of interest to our readers.

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE fact that stage accidents occur so seldom is a striking testimony to the care taken by the actors and by the mechanics. The career of Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, the newest of our actor-managers, furnishes one of the exceptions to the rule that the "boards" are safe. He was once playing the hero in a melodrama. In the course of the action he had to leap on to the bough of a tree growing over a chasm, and in that way descend to rescue the heroine, who was likely to suffer dire disaster at the hands of the bold, bad villain. The bough was strongly constructed and counter-weighted, so that it let the actor down slowly, and as soon as his weight was removed it sprang back into its place. Unfortunately, however, one night something went wrong with the counter-weight. As Mr. Robertshaw jumped on to the bough he went down "with a run," though that familiar simile scarcely does justice to the swiftness of his descent. Anyway, instead of alighting on his feet to rescue the beautiful maiden in distress, he came down on his back with such force that he was knocked almost senseless, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to finish the act and bring down the curtain with the inevitable round of applause which heroism never fails to win from an audience.

Miss Frances Dillon, who made so great a success in Mrs. W. K. Clifford's play at the Court, has hitherto been more associated with Shakespearean and classical plays and old English comedies than with modern work. One day in Margate she rehearsed Beatrice in "Much Ado" in the morning, played the Chorus in "Henry V." in the afternoon, and was billed to appear as Lady Macbeth that night, but was wired for by Mr. Tree and played Viola in "Twelfth Night," at His Majesty's, instead. She has filled the inevitable engagement with Mr. F. R. Benson, and on one occasion, while touring with him in Ireland, she gave her landlady seats for "Hamlet." Next morning, as she served breakfast, the landlady, in a voice full of outraged propriety, remarked, "Shure, I did think, as it was their own company, that Mr. and Mrs. Benson would have played no less than the King and Queen."

Miss Mary Weigall, whose performance in "Simple Simon" has been so warmly praised by the critics, has had a very short career,

for she went on the stage only three years ago, when she "walked on" in the original production of "The Walls of Jericho." She then toured for a couple of years in companies sent out from the Garrick Theatre, and was invariably cast for elderly aristocratic and disagreeable ladies, with strong views on morals and decided proclivities for meddling in other people's business. When

"The Walls of Jericho" was revived last summer, Mr. Bouchier engaged her to play the gambling Duchess, and she has just returned from his provincial tour, in which she played a number of character-parts in the long repertoire the popular actor-manager took with him. As a member of "The Walls of Jericho" company, one of the young actress's most interesting experiences was the ten days they spent in the principal towns of Holland, where Mr. Sutro's famous play met with a most cordial reception and achieved a great success.

The State theatres especially impressed her by the magnificence of their architecture and the luxuriousness of the accommodation for the actors—a striking contrast to the average English provincial house.

The tragedy of life so often approaches its comedy that it is inevitable that sometimes it should do the same in the lives of those who represent men and women on the stage. That was one experience of Mr. J. C. Buckstone when, as a member of the Wallack's Theatre, New York, company, he was appearing at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, in Robert Buchanan's comedy, "Lady Clare." He was appearing as the Hon. Cecil Brookfield, and his wife, well known to the stage as Miss Adela Measor, was playing the little girl part of Mary Middleton. They had just finished a scene together, and Mr. Buckstone had started to go up the stage when he heard a loud thud immediately behind him. He turned quickly, to see that a large sandbag, used as a counter-weight, weighing some thirty-five pounds, had fallen from the lofty "gridiron" and had crashed into the boards on the very spot on which, a second before, he had been standing. In its descent, the heavy counterweight tore away part of the sleeve of Miss Measor's dress without injuring her in the least. Such incidents often cause a great deal of consternation among the audience, and may even lead to something worse if the more nervous of them attempt to move from their seats. It so happened that there had been a great deal of talk at the time about an aerolite which had fallen into the sea a short distance from the Pacific coast. As soon as he saw what had happened Mr. Buckstone, with ready wit, exclaimed "A thunderbolt, by Jove!" The audience roared with laughter, and the situation was saved. Still, had the weight fallen two seconds earlier, there would have been a vacancy in the Wallack company, and another actor would be playing Archibald Speedy in "The Gay Gordons."



THE NEW ELIZABETH BANKS: MISS HILDA ANTHONY, WHO IS PLAYING THE NAME-PART IN "THE EDUCATION OF ELIZABETH."

Mr. Roy Horniman's "The Education of Elizabeth" was transferred to the Haymarket last week, and it was then that Miss Anthony took up the part of Elizabeth, created by Miss Miriam Clements.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



AUTHOR OF A "WASTED" PLAY: MR. EDWARD GARNETT.

Mr. Garnett is the author of "The Breaking Point," which the Censor censured, an action that brought the present trouble about his ears, trouble further accentuated by the forbidding of Mr. Granville Barker's "Waste." Mr. Garnett has published his play in book form; and it is understood that Mr. Barker will do the same.

Photograph by Marie Leon.

"MAY GOOD DIGESTION WAIT ON APPETITE."



THE SOLE AND FOODLESS SURVIVOR: I wonder if my doctor would advise me to continue taking these appetising bitters every three hours—or should I throw them to the sharks?

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE life in art-schools has given many an easy page to the novelist, from the ready-made Bohemianism of "The Newcomes" to the more vivid and personal picture in "Trilby."

A more direct student-human-document now reaches us in the form of "The Slade." This is a record of work done or begun at the school endowed by him whose happy name it bears—Felix Slade. Of all the modern schools of art in England it has the most right to a record. And, in spite of staid, plain wrappers, and a polite and formal preface by Mr. Fothergill, the editor, we are not disappointed of a certain flavourous eccentricity, rather expected where the work of some recent Slade artists is in question. "The Newcomes" will in future pass muster only with aunts; "Trilby" may still deceive retired majors; but we, who hold in excited hands the open sesame to the real wild world of students, give a cold shoulder to the sleek humdrum of the novels.

We pass by the drawings, disowning qualifications for sifting what is brilliant and true from what is affected and grotesque; we pass by an alluring passage in Dr. D. S. MacColl's article on the drawings of Mr. Augustus John, in which, describing the temper of Mr. John as being "rebellious against the ordinary and scornful of the pretty," he tells how he has "followed the tramps and gipsies, as so many of the seventeenth-century artists were fain to do, when high imagination had broken its ancient mould, and was departing in curly scrolls of rhetoric." Apart from an uncomfortable feeling about the curly scrolls (we hardly know, Mr. MacColl's eye being on us, whether to hang them about our necks or to send them over the hedge), that is a good enough beginning, and we find ourselves on the high-road to Bohemia, with a gaudy caravan rattling before us, and a sound of mafficking behind.

But, of course, it is Mr. Granger's article on the art of Mr. William Orpen that gives glamour and confidence to us on our progress in the unknown way. Having learned of this artist—whom we have long admired, without being spurred into any impertinent curiosity as to his person—that his unkempt brown hair grows low over his forehead—

concealing almost the two formidable bumps hurled by his Creator, with graceful intention, above each of the keen, deep-set grey eyes; and his truly Irish cheek-bones, nose, and mouth, the latter feature wide open, giving the lie with unconscious humour to the expression of bland national innocence; no collar, but a wisp that had once been green, tied around his neck with exquisite care, but utterly useless for purposes of decoration or protection alike

—we stop for breath before other yet more adventurous sentences.

Ignore the muddle of construction which causes Mr. Granger to suggest that Mr. Orpen was visitor to himself, and read—

Calling one day, he received me with an undisguised unwillingness which amply compensated me for my trouble, inasmuch as I had just breakfasted to his account at the Yorkshire Grey, cornering the street. Led by my host down a

corkscrew stairway, I found myself in a haunt worthy of a Macbethian witch. The only sign of human comfort was a large four-post bed, littered with appurtenances of the studio, upon the roof of which sat a monkey stuffed into a pose sympathetically reminiscent of the Nemesis consequent upon some bygone orgy; the only other note of importance being a huge fireplace, starling dismally upon a handful of coke. He waved his hand. "Disorder," I said, "can be your only design." The remark, I think, pleased him, for he threw sullenly enough, God knows—some sticks upon the fire.

Mr. Granger's confidences become much more liberal as he falls into the stride of his prose; and we would feel the whole joy of initiation into his mode of life were we not nervously aware of exaggeration in his biographical details. Leaving Mr. Orpen, he tells how he

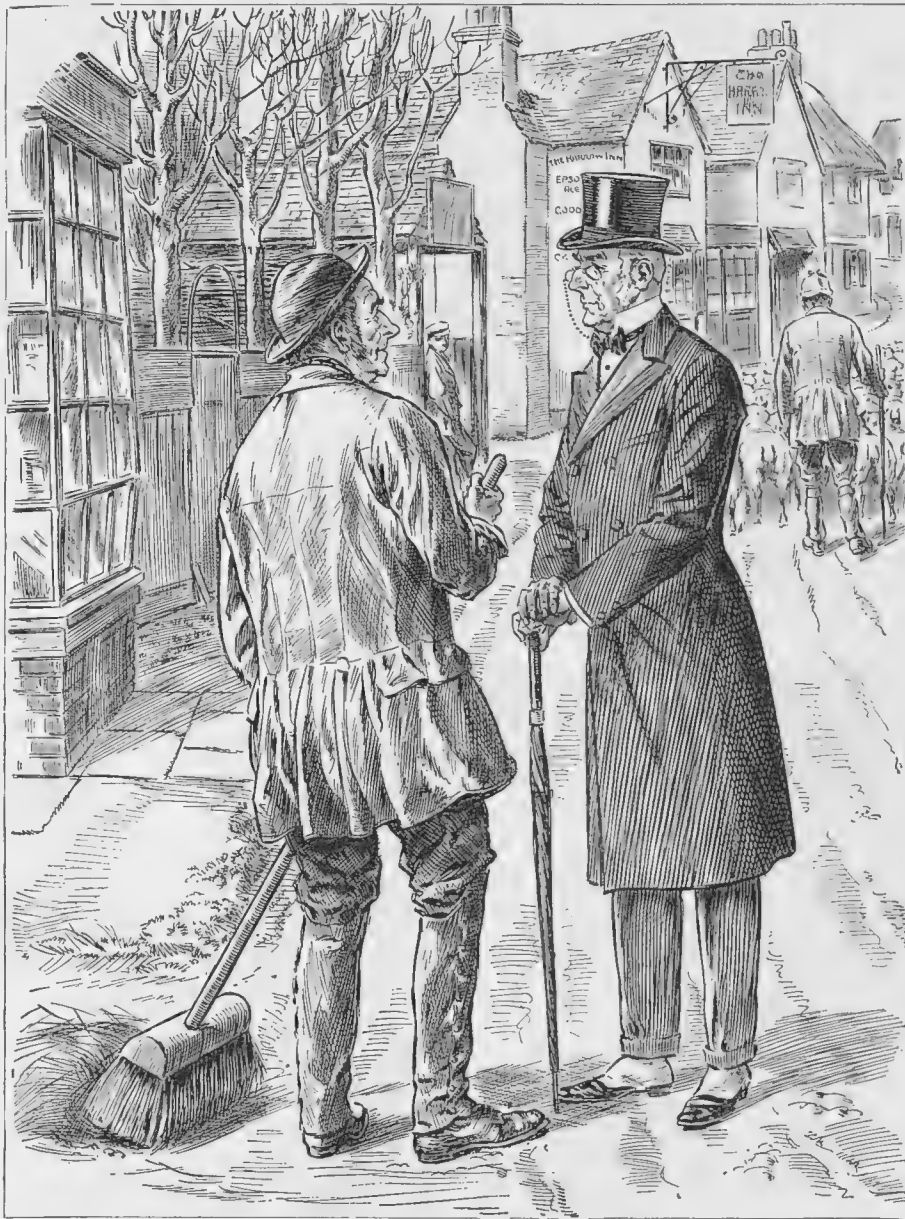
to give to mankind the memoirs of my living death, in which work I shall tell how and why I came to sleep within a certain egg-box. And how, if the intimate history of that structure were known, why it would survive the Pyramids. And how true philosophy came to me through cold toes and an empty stomach. . . . And why in despair I threw myself into the Thames, and how I found that any fool can swim. And why, procuring a bearskin from Chelsea Barracks, I toured throughout the country as a performing Bruin.

There we, distrustful and crestfallen, will leave Mr. Granger. Is, after all, this much avowal of eccentricity and of abnormal experience but a mask for a Mr. Granger of a quite respectable and even way of life? If this is so, I am disappointed beyond the custom of a lounge, and determined to adventure no more among painters.

Talking of literature and the life of artists, when shall we have a biography of Du Maurier? Long ago we had an announcement of such a book, and by a competent hand, that of Mr. Frederick Whyte. Mr. Whyte's promised book has passed, apparently, into the mysterious limbo of literary babies that die before they are born. Still, somebody has got to tell the story of Du Maurier's life, of the bad temper which he conquered, of the blindness that saddened him when it was a threat, and that he bore like a hero

when at last it all but put the light out for him—a hero in blue goggles! The author of "Peter Ibbetson" has told us something about his own childhood, and the author of "Trilby" a good deal about his student life in Paris. There are letters, too, written by Du Maurier which place him high among letter-writers, as you would learn from Mr. Henry James, who has a fine heap of them, all written with a neatness of calligraphy rarely achieved by people whose sight is unimpaired. I sometimes hear Du Maurier spoken of as if the controversy with Whistler was an important episode of his life instead of merely a chance pitfall. I hope his biographer, when he does appear, will give that quarrel very short notice. I should prefer to hear a good deal about the enormous dog, a great favourite in *Punch* cartoons, and in life quite as gigantic as Mr. J. M. Barrie's. Those two famous friends of men—and such men—never met, which is a pity.

M. E.



THE MIXTURE.

THE DOCTOR: Well, Buckins, how are you feeling this morning?

BUCKINS: Very much better, thank ye, Doctor. The only thing that tothers me is my breathing.

THE DOCTOR: 'Um, yes! We must see if we can't get you something to stop that.

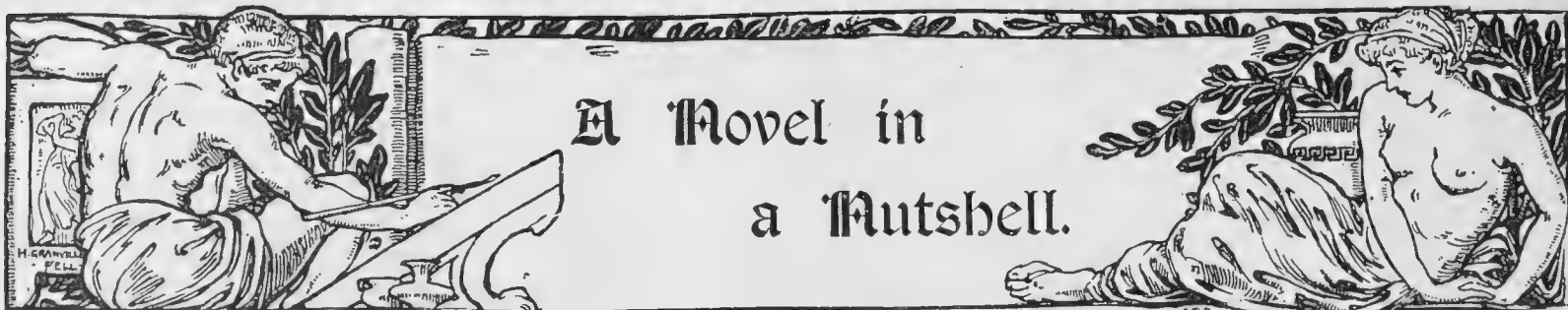
A PREHISTORIC THOROUGHbred!



"A BAD 'UN AT WATER."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.





## A Novel in a Nutshell.

### COURAGE.

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY.

AT that time (said F——) I was in poverty. Not the kind of poverty that goes without dinner, but the sort that goes without breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and exists as it can on bread and tobacco. I lived in one of those fourpenny lodging-houses Westminster way. Three, five, seven beds in a room; if you pay regularly, you keep your own bed; if not, they put someone else there who will certainly leave you a memento of himself. It's not the foreigners' quarter; they are nearly all English, and drunkards. Three-quarters of them don't eat—can't; they have no capacity for solid food. They drink and drink. They're not worth wasting your money on—cab-runners, newspaper-boys, sellers of laces, and what you call sandwich-men; three-fourths of them brutalised beyond the power of recovery. What can you expect? They just live to scrape enough together to keep their souls in their bodies; they have no time or strength to think of anything but that. They come back at night and fall asleep—and how dead that sleep is! No, they never eat—just a bit of bread; the rest is drink!

There used to come to that house a little Frenchman, with a yellow, crow's-footed face; not old either, about thirty. But his life had been hard—no one comes to these houses if life is soft; especially no Frenchman: a Frenchman hates to leave his country. He came to shave us—charged a penny; most of us forgot to pay him, so that in all he shaved about three for a penny. He went to others of these houses—this gave him his income—he kept the little shop next door, too, but he never sold anything. How he worked! He also went to one of your Public Institutions; this was not so profitable, for there he was paid a penny for ten shaves. He used to say to me, moving his tired fingers like little yellow sticks: "Pff! I slave! To gain a penny, friend, I'm spending fourpence. What would you have? One must nourish oneself to have the strength to shave ten people for a penny." He was like an ant, running round and round in his little hole, without any chance but just to live; and always in hopes of saving enough to take him back and set him up in France. We took a liking for each other. He was the only one, in fact—except a sandwich-man who had been an actor, and was very intelligent, when he wasn't drunk—the only one in all that warren who had ideas. He was fond of pleasure and loved his music-hall—must have gone at least twice a year, and he was always talking of it. He had little knowledge of its joys, it's true—hadn't the money for that, but his intentions were good. He used to keep me till the last, and shave me slowly.

"This rests me," he would say. It was amusement for me, too, for I had got into the habit of going for days without opening my lips. It's only one man here and there that one can talk with; the rest only laugh; you seem to them a fool, a freak—something that should be put into a cage, tied by the leg:

"Yes," the little man would say, "when I came here first I thought I should soon go back, but now I'm not so sure. I'm losing my illusions. Money has wings, but it's not to me it flies. Believe me, my friend, I am shaving my soul into these specimens. And how unhappy they are, poor creatures; how they must suffer! Drink! you say. Yes, that saves them—they get a little happiness from that. Unfortunately, I haven't the constitution for it—here." And he would show me where he had no constitution. "You, too, comrade, you don't seem to be in luck; but then,

you're young. Ah, well, *faut être philosophe*—but imagine what kind of a game it is in this climate, especially if you come from the South!"

When I went away, which was as soon as I had nothing left to pawn, he gave me money—there's no question of lending in those houses: if a man parts with money he *gives* it; and lucky if he's not robbed into the bargain. There are fellows there who watch for a new pair of shoes, or a good overcoat, profit by their wakefulness as soon as the other is asleep, and promptly disappear. There's no morality in the face of destitution—it needs a man of iron, and these are men of straw. But one thing I will say of the low English—they are not bloodthirsty, like the low French and the Italians.

Well, I got a job as fireman on a steamer, made a tour tramping, and six months later I was back again. The first morning I saw the Frenchman. It was shaving-day; he was more like an ant than ever, working away with all his legs and arms; a little yellower, and perhaps more wrinkled.

"Ah!" he called out to me in French, "there you are—back again. I knew you'd come. Wait till I've finished with this specimen—I've a lot to talk about."

We went into the kitchen, a big and stone-floored room, with tables for eating—and sat down by the fire. It was January, but, summer or winter, there's always a fire burning in that kitchen.

"So," he said, "you have come back? No luck? Eh! Patience! A few more days won't kill you at your age. What fogs, though! You see, I'm still here, but my comrade, Pigeon, is dead. You remember him—the big man with black hair who had the shop down the street. Amiable fellow, good friend to me; and married. Fine woman his wife—a little ripe, seeing she has had children, but of good family. He died suddenly, of heart disease. Wait a bit; I'll tell you about that..."

"It was not long after you went away, one fine day in October, when I had just finished with these specimens here, and was taking my coffee in the shop, and thinking of that poor Pigeon—dead then just three days—when, *pom!* comes a knock, and there is Madame Pigeon! Very calm—a woman of good family, well brought up, well made—fine woman. But the cheeks pale, and the eyes so red, poor soul.

"'Well, Madame,' I asked her, 'what can I do for you?'

"It seems this poor Pigeon died bankrupt; there was not a cent in the shop. He was two days in his grave, and the bailiffs in already.

"'Ah, Monsieur!' she says to me, 'what am I to do?'

"'Wait a bit, Madame!' I got my hat and went back to the shop with her.

"What a scene! Two bailiffs, who would have been the better for a shave, sitting in the shop before the basins; and everywhere, *ma foi*, everywhere, children! Tk! Tk! A little girl of ten, very like her mother; two little boys with little trousers, and one with nothing but chemise; and others—two, quite small, all rolling on the floor; and what a horrible noise!—all crying, all but the little girl, fit to break themselves in two. The bailiffs seemed perplexed. It was enough to make one weep! Seven! and some quite small! That poor Pigeon, I had no idea!

"The bailiffs behaved very well.

"'Well,' said the biggest, 'you can have four-and-twenty hours

[Continued overleaf.]

TANGLED TALK FOR THE TARRIER.



AUGUSTUS (*as Emmelina calls his attention to the wires*): Never fear, Emmelina, it's only mother on the 'phone:  
dad's not home yet.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



to find this money; my mate can camp out here in the shop—we don't want to be hard on you!

"I helped Madame to soothe the children.

"If I had the money,' I said, 'it should be at your service, Madame—in each well-born heart there should exist humanity; but I have no money. Try and think whether you have no friends to help you.'

"Monsieur,' she answered, 'I have none. Have I had time to make friends—I, with seven children?'

"But in France, Madame?'

"None, Monsieur. I have quarrelled with my family; and reflect—it is now seven years since we came to England, and then only because no one would help us.' That seemed to me bad, but what could I do? I could only say—

"Hope always, Madame—trust in me!'

"I went away. All day long I thought how calm she was—magnificent! And I kept saying to myself: 'Come, tap your head! tap your head! Something must be done!' But nothing came.

"The next morning it was my day to go to that precious Institution, and I started off still thinking what on earth could be done for the poor woman; it was as if the little ones had got hold of my legs and were dragging at me. I arrived late, and, to make up time, I shaved them as I have never shaved them; a hot morning—I perspired! Ten for a penny! Ten for a penny! I thought of that, and of the poor woman. At last I finished and sat down. I thought to myself: 'It's too strong! Why do you do it? It's stupid! You are wasting yourself!' And my idea came to me. I asked for the manager.

"Monsieur,' I said, 'it is impossible for me to come here again.'

"What do you mean?' says he.

"I have had enough of your—"ten for a penny"—I am going to get married; I can't afford to come here any longer. I lose too much flesh for the money.'

"What?' he says, 'you're a lucky man if you can afford to throw away your money like this!'

"Throw away my money! Pardon, Monsieur, but look at me'—I was still very hot—'for every penny I make I lose threepence, not counting the boot-leather to and fro. While I was still a bachelor, Monsieur, it was my own

affair—I could afford these extravagances; but now—it must finish—I have the honour, Monsieur!'

"I left him, and walked away. I went to the Pignons' shop. The bailiff was still there—Pfui! He must have been smoking all the time.

"I can't give them much longer,' he said to me.

"It is of no importance,' I replied; and I knocked, and went in to the back room.

"The children were playing in the corner, that little girl, a heart of gold, watching them like a mother; and Madame at the table with a pair of old black gloves on her hands. My friend, I have never seen such a face—calm, but so pale, so frightfully discouraged, so overwhelmed. One would say she was waiting for her death. It was bad, it was bad—with the winter coming on!

"Good morning, Madame,' I said. 'What news? Have you been able to arrange anything?'

"No, Monsieur. And you?'

"No!' And I looked at her again—a fine woman; ah! a fine woman.

"But,' I said, 'an idea has come to me in the night. Now, what would you say if I asked you to marry me? It might possibly be better than nothing.'

"She regarded me with her black eyes, and answered—

"But willingly, Monsieur!' and then, comrade, but not till then, she cried."

The little Frenchman stopped, and looked hard at me.

"H'm!" I said at last, "you have courage!"

He looked at me again; his eyes were troubled, as if I had paid him a bad compliment.

"You think so?" he said. I nodded, and I saw that the thought was gnawing him, as if I had turned the light on some desperate, dark feeling in his heart.

"Yes!" he said after a pause, while his yellow face seemed to grow more wrinkled, and each wrinkle seemed to darken. "I was afraid of it at the time! Seven children! And since—" Again he looked at me: "And since—sometimes—sometimes—I could—" he broke off, then burst out again: "Life is hard! But what would you have? I knew her husband. Could I leave her to the streets?"

THE END.

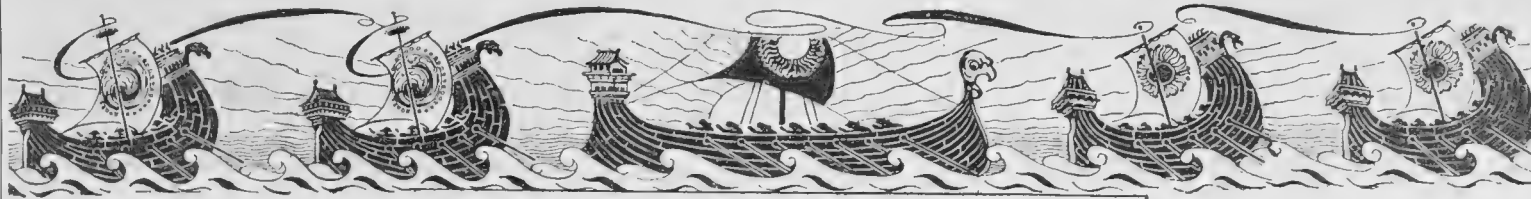


SHE MEANT WELL.

[DRAWN BY CHAS. PEARS.]

ARTIST (who paints on the principle of "Art for Art's sake alone"): Oh, no! I never sell my pictures, but they provide me with a great deal of amusement.

MISS SMITH: But they also provide your friends with a lot of amusement too, surely?



## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

AMONGST the privileges of monarchy is the setting of the fashions. King Edward has long ruled the roast of the masculine mode. His coats, his trousers, his ties, were all the vogue in Paris when, as Prince of Wales, the present ruler of this Empire was known intimately to the social life of La Ville Lumière. Nowadays, his authority in Paris is confined to hats. The *chic* inhabitants of Lutetia hastened to hat themselves with a grey felt and black band the moment they heard that his Majesty of England had appeared in this headgear on an English racecourse. But to-day the Edward tie has been displaced by the *cravate La Fallières*. The President of the Republic is noted for his ties. He wears an ample bow with floating ends—looking like a butterfly settled beneath his chin. The habitual colour is blue, with green spots. The Fallières tie is the *dernier cri* in manly elegance. Now the City waits for a new decree. One cannot clothe one's self completely in a tie; and the dudes of France await

expectantly a Fallières waistcoat and Fallières trousers.

## Colville of Lullington.

Poor Sir Henry Colville, who was killed so unfortunately in a motor accident, came of a very ancient family, of which the Lords Colville of Culross are an offshoot. He is succeeded as Squire of Lullington, in Derbyshire, by his only son, Mr. Gilbert de Préville Colville, who celebrated

raising the paltry sum of £34,000,000 a year for old age pensions. Sir Edward says that no Chancellor in the world could get the money, and it makes it the more aggravating that Sir Edward, as for many years Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, knows more of the whole subject than any other man living. If the multitudinous army of Unemployables do not rise as one man and excommunicate him, then he will have only their magnanimity—and apathy—to thank.

## This Week's Bridegroom.

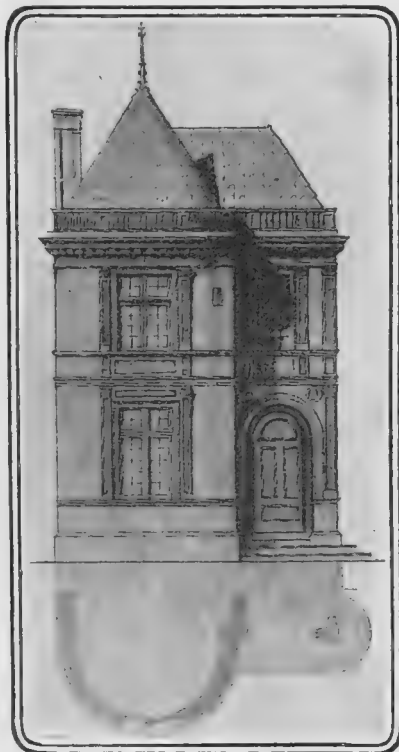
Lord Ronaldshay, whose wedding yesterday was the great matrimonial event of the week—it may almost be said of the month—is a very distinguished elder son, for, in addition to being the future Earl of Zetland, he has proved himself an intrepid traveller and a hard-working M.P. It is not too much to say that in him the country has a valuable expert on Eastern affairs, and especially on China. Lord Ronaldshay is an ardent Tariff Reformer, and were Mr. Chamberlain's policy ever to be carried into practical effect he would certainly be given some important post in the Fair Trade Government. The new Lady Ronaldshay is an Irishwoman, for she belongs

to the very old Fermagh family of Ardendale. Her mother

—a still beautiful woman—is a sister of Mrs. Harry Lawson, who chaperoned Lady Ronaldshay in London.

## Balls for Débutantes.

It is now becoming a fashion for titled débutantes to make their first appearance in Society at a ball, given in one of the stately homes of England with which the fortunate young lady in question is closely connected. After the great Welbeck function, which served as introduction to the hosts' youthful daughter, Lady Victoria Cavendish-Bentinck, came the ball held at Tatten Hall, avowedly in honour of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Albemarle. The host and hostess on this occasion were the Earl of Egerton and his stately second wife, the Duchess of Buckingham. In old days it was considered improper for any girl to make her début at a dance before she had made her curtsy to her Sovereign; but in these matters, as in most others, the world has become far more informal.



A VILLA CAST IN A MOULD: THE £220 EDISON CONCRETE HOUSE.

As we have before noted, Mr. Edison proposes to cast small houses in concrete. The moulds will be of 3-inch cast-iron, and will, of course, be used a number of times. Mr. Edison believes that the total cost of a house of the style shown will be not more than £220.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."



THE COLDEST STUDIO IN EXISTENCE: MME. A. BOBERG IN HER FAVOURITE PAINTING-GROUND.

Mme. Boberg is especially known for her paintings of Arctic scenery. Her working-dress is of particular interest.



THE "MR. JERSEY" OF HUNGARY: THE COUNTESS ELEMER VON BLASKOVICS.

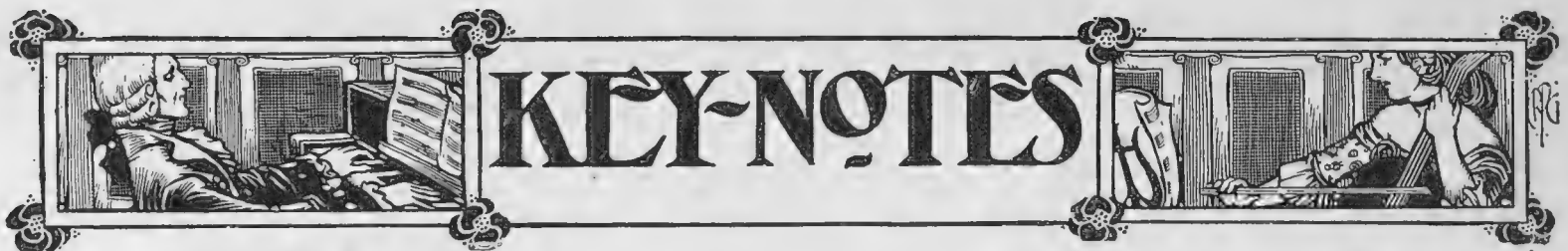
The Countess owns many racehorses, and has met with extraordinary success in Hungary this season, winning over a hundred races. Her colours are those made familiar on the British Turf by "Mr. Jersey" (Lady de Bathe).

his twentieth birthday last month. The young heir's mother, Lady Colville, is a charming and accomplished Frenchwoman, the only daughter of the late M. Pierre de Préville, of Orthes, Basses Pyrénées. She writes very well, perhaps her best book being "Round the Black Man's Garden."

## Self-Help's Prophet.

Sir Edward Brabook, who lectures this evening on Old Age Pensions before the Society of Arts, cannot be popular with the rank-and-file of the Socialist party. He says that we all might have old age pensions, that we all ought to have them. So far so good. But then he makes a proposition which is outrageous to the moocher in the street: he has the audacity to assert that we ought ourselves to provide those pensions. The cold-blooded monster suggests that a man should give up three half-pints of beer a week, and with the fourpence-halfpenny secure himself a pension of seven shillings a week. No wonder the blood of the man in the street boils.





ERNST LENGYEL'S recital at the Bechstein Hall last week deserved a larger audience. So long as one can remember that the pianist, whose programme included Liszt's Sonata in B minor and Mozart's Gigue in G major, is only fourteen, his playing is calculated to astonish. Many a pianist of full age who comes before the public with the ripe fruit of ten or twelve years' study cannot do as much as this little boy; but the strain of unassisted recital revealed as much of his weakness as of his strength, and discovered the slight immaturity that was not so clearly shown when he took part in the London Symphony Orchestra's concert at the Queen's Hall. Had Lengyel been content to play comparatively simple music, it would have been hard to find any fault, for he has an excellent touch, fine sense of tone-colour, an adult's command of octave passages, an instinct for correct phrasing, and a simplicity that charms the listener. But Liszt and Mozart in their most difficult aspects suggested that the technical difficulties strained his gifts to the uttermost, and there were times when he became a mere player rather than an interpreter, and the beauty of complicated

conducted by Mr. Payne, who still suffers from a tendency to allow his score to run away with him. The programme, with a Haydn Symphony, the "Rienzi" Overture, and the Schumann Pianoforte Concerto, was very happily chosen, and the choir worked with energy under the direction of Mr. Munro Davison. From first to last every composition was rendered with a tremendous vigour that threatened at times to obscure the imaginative quality of the music.

Mlle. Blanche Selva, who brought a lengthy series of recitals to a close last week, is a player who unites imagination and poetic fancy to sound technique and admirable restraint. Her catholicity is astonishing: she can range from the eighteenth to the twentieth century, finding the beauty that underlies the best work of every epoch. She responds with equal sympathy and facility to the moods of old and modern music, and can express with insight the most rugged thought of Beethoven, the most elusive mood of Claude Debussy. She has received admirable assistance from Mme. Diot, who, as a violinist, possesses gifts that rank side by



THE MUSICAL MUSCLE (NO RELATION TO THE WHISTLING OYSTER): MME. CARREÑO'S HANDS AND ARMS, SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT CAUSED BY PIANO-PLAYING.

A writer in "The Lone Hand," the well-known and enterprising Australian magazine, says: "Does the average man know what strength and flexibility of muscle are needed to be a star like Carreño? . . . The Carreño arms and hands are large and powerful (as is Madame's physique). The fingers are relatively short, but the breadth of the palms, from side to side and obliquely, gives wide expansion and a maximum of physical strength. Beneath the skin there is a thick layer of fatty tissue, and this covers bundles of muscles that have been wonderfully developed."

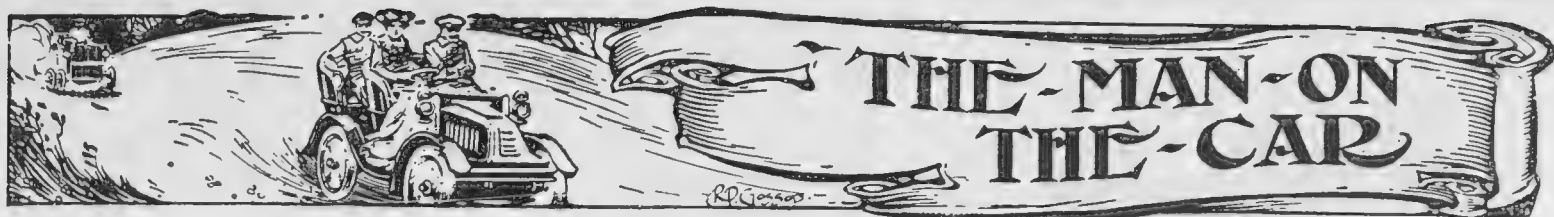
passages was slurred or lost. Certainly the boy has a great future before him; but if it is to be developed to the fullest extent, he should be withdrawn from the concert platform to devote the next few years of his life to study under the best masters. Then he will take his proper place as one of the leading pianists of the day. As a child he is extraordinary, but his gifts must be cultivated in the conservatoire and not dissipated on the platform.

Although doubts are still expressed when this country's claims to be considered musical are put forward, there is no doubt about the quality of the harvest that foreign players gather when in our midst. If we cannot compose or perform as they do, we can appreciate and support their work. To take the week just at an end and consider the number of foreign artists who have earned their first welcome in London in the short space of seven days is to realise that they also serve who only pay and listen. Among notable fresh arrivals are Professor Victor Bendix, of the Danish Royal Academy of Music, conductor of the Danish Concert Society. He is the composer of five symphonies, and a pianoforte concerto, which will be given at the Queen's Hall on Friday. Madame Dagmar Bendix, his wife, has made a name for herself as a pianist in Copenhagen and Berlin. Mr. Paul Schmedes, who accompanies M. and Mme. Bendix, was heard to great advantage in London last spring. He is singing some of his songs in Esperanto.

The first concert of the Stock Exchange Orchestral and Choral Society, given at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday night last, was

side with those of her companion, and she responds with equal breadth of view to the beauties of every score that is put before her. It is to be hoped that the Selva-Diot recitals will become a feature of our musical season.

Much may be said in praise of the opera season that came to an end on Saturday night. The standard of performance has been very high; each opera has been handled with the care that is bestowed upon it in grand season, and it would be hard to point to an evening on which good singing and sound playing were not to be heard. In spite of the excellence of the ensemble the public response was hardly generous until the star of Signora Tetrassini appeared above the operatic horizon. Night after night no more than three-quarters of the house was filled for performances of great merit, and as the prices had been reduced to theatre level, such a result must have been very disappointing to the management. As soon as Tetrassini came along the demand for seats exceeded the supply, although prices were raised; and the enthusiasm evoked by her singing is without a parallel in the last few years. Certainly the autumn season has never failed to provide the operatic firmament with new stars of the first magnitude. One season introduced us to Sammarco, another to Zenatello, another to Maria Gay, and this to Tetrassini. But music-lovers cannot note without concern the unfortunate fact that the public responds far more readily to a great name than to a good all-round performance. If opera is to flourish in London without the aid of subscription it must not be forced to depend upon sensational individual performances. . . . COMMON CHORD.



THE MICHELIN AIR-COOLED RIM FREE-WHEELING GEARS—THE MERO AND THE DENNIS—THE BLOCK ENGINE—  
A MECHANICO-SURFACE CARBURETTER.

MUCH has been urged, and in the best interests of both maker and user, in favour of Michelin detachable rims for use with pneumatic tyres. Wherever such recommendation has been made it will, upon inquiry, always be found to issue from experience of the great utility and convenience of these rims, both in the garage and upon the road. But there remains a further point in favour of the use of these rims with pneumatic tyres, to which hitherto little or no reference has been made, albeit it is an important one. Those who are acquainted with this detachable rim will remember that at the valve-orifice on the metal felloe there are two square plates, which position the tyre-rim, and that the latter is kept quite one-eighth of an inch clear of this felloe all the

way round the wheel. The effect of this spacing is the most excellent and desirable one that the temperature of the tyres carried in Michelin detachable rims is kept considerably below that which would be attained by a tyre secured to its rim and the wheel in the ordinary way. As the high temperature to which tyres on heavy cars attain has much to do with their wear, the cooling effect of the Michelin detachable rim is a valuable feature.

Notwithstanding the abortive no-show agitation which loomed so large in the columns of certain dailies

The *moteur bloc* system, something accentuated at Olympia, was found quite largely adopted by Continental makers at the Salon, which closed its doors last week. There were no

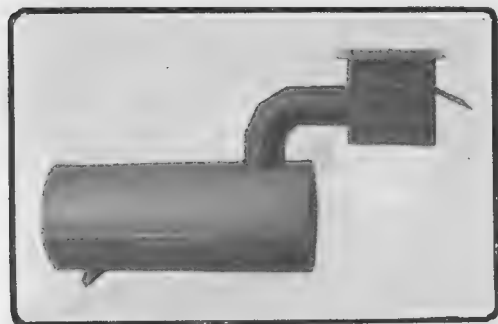
fewer than twenty-four chassis shown with their four-cylinder engines cast in one piece, and the two dozen included such well-known names as Darracq, Aries (this chassis was on view at the Stanley Show last week), Georges-Richard, Grégoire, Martini, Pilain, Zedel, S. C. A. R., Laurin and Klement, Cornilleau, St. Beuve, Aster and Hotchkiss.

As I think I mentioned in these notes a week or so ago, the Ariel Motor Company, now the Ariel-Simplex, were the first to turn out an engine with more than two cylinders in one piece. I do not know why they have abandoned the practice; if good, sound castings can be assured, four cylinders *en bloc* should be a better job than singles or pairs.

When petrol could be obtained of a specific gravity of .68, it was very rightly thought that the surface carburetter was preferable to all others in use and action. Indeed, with modifications and the introduction of here and there a wick, that eminent

and resourceful engineer, Mr. Fred Lanchester, thinks so unto this day. Great as has been the thought and acute the acumen which have been devoted to the detail of the carburetter, no one has yet devised an unblockable petrol; addit or an unstoppable jet. Hence many tears! But if performance is to follow the promise of a carburetter which made its appearance upon the stand of a certain exhibitor in the late days of the Olympia Show, we are shortly to have a combination of mechanical

and surface carburetter which will make Krebs quail and Lanchester look to his laurels. I hope to discuss this wonderful hybrid when I know more about it.



A STOVE IN A MOTOR-CAR: THE NEW SELF-ACTING HEATER FOR AUTOMOBILES.

The surplus heat of the engine is used to warm the occupants of the car. A jacket is fitted round the muffler, forming a hot-air chamber. The outside air is admitted into this chamber through a port in the forward end of the jacket, while at the opposite end the chamber communicates with a pipe that leads to a register in the floor of the car. The motion of the automobile provides the necessary draught, and the cold air entering the chamber is heated by the muffler, after which it passes through the register into the body of the car. When the register is closed, a shutter is opened, which permits the heated air to pass into the outside atmosphere. The makers claim to have heated a closed car with one of these heaters from a temperature close to zero up to 60 deg. F., in a few minutes.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

during the last days of the Show, there is no doubt that good business was done at Olympia by all the well-established people;

while those exhibitors who had something really interesting to present, and had taken care to announce its presentation through well-read motor columns, found a public charged with intelligent curiosity. Take, for instance, the "Mero" gear, and the free-wheeling change-speed gear shown by those well-known automobile engineers, Messrs. Dennis Brothers, of Guildford. In both these devices means are provided for practically isolating the primary and secondary gear-shafts from all driving stress, so that the toothed wheels which require to be meshed slide peacefully and quietly into engagement. A fool-proof device for the clumsy driver.



A MOTOR THAT WALKS OVER HEDGES AND DITCHES: THE NEW SERVICE CAR AT ALDERSHOT. It will be seen that the car progresses on an endless chain. When tried the other day at Aldershot it walked over hedges and ditches and through ploughed fields without difficulty.

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# THE WORLD OF SPORT

FIGURES—MERRY DOUBLES—THE FUND FOR RELIEVING CROSS-COUNTRY JOCKEYS.

As I have before stated, Colonel Hall Walker headed the list of winning owners on the flat this year with a total of £17,910, and, in face of this fact, it seems strange to be told that the Colonel has transferred his horses from Robinson's stable to Mr. Persse. Higgs headed the list of winning jockeys, and his percentage worked out at twenty, or one winner in five mounts. Higgs was born in London (Stepney), though he did his early

Succour, one of the most consistent horses in training; Wuffy, the Manchester Handicap disappointment; The Welkin and Yentoi. Many of those mentioned are very likely to be entered, and it is just on the cards that the winner's name is included in this little lot. The fancy for the Grand National is Ascetic's Silver, the winner of two years back; but it must not be forgotten that Rathvale is in the same stable. The latter—now a six-year-old—is one of the smartest chasers in training. This was shown at Newbury, when he gave Judas no quarter. Others likely to be backed are Roman Law, Ranunculus, Extravagance, Detail—who knows every inch of the course—Barabbas II.—“a rum 'un to look at, but a beggar to go”—and Centre Board. I noticed 25 to 1 is offered against Eremon winning the Grand National, but I believe this horse has been under suspicion, and may not go to the post. Another very much fancied for the race is Cackler.

Lord Rendlesham's fund for the purpose of affording monetary relief to professional cross-country jockeys down on their luck is not so well patronised as it might be. I have for years suggested that the National Hunt Committee should insure the jockeys, and this could easily be done by deducting the amount of the premium from the riding fees payable to the cross-country riders. Many of the professionals at the present time are down on their luck (I will not say through no fault of their own) owing to circumstances which they could not have foreseen, such as the keen competition of the amateur riders, and the cutting down of the value of presents and retaining fees. Something should, I maintain, be done to provide for these men when they are no longer able to follow their calling, and here the old age pension scheme comes in. Why could not the National Hunt Committee originate an insurance and annuity business? Any big insurance company would take the accident risks and arrange the annuity business at a price. A little com-



HORSESHOES THAT WERE WORN BACKWARDS: HOW THE GREAT SMUGGLER LOUIS MANDRIN MADE PURSUERS THINK THAT HE HAD RIDDEN IN THE DIRECTION OPPOSITE TO THE ONE HE HAD TAKEN.

The ingenious arrangement illustrated fitted over the horse's hoofs, and caused the animal to, leave false tracks. When it was going north, for instance, these coverings for the hoofs made it appear that it had gone south, as the back part of the false shoe fitted on the front part of the true shoe.

riding in Ireland. Indeed, had not Mr. J. C. Sullivan, a well-known Irish lawyer, transferred his horses from Ireland to Wiltshire, the chances are that Higgs might still be following his calling in the Emerald Isle. Maher, as usual, finished the season with the best percentage—26.82, representing 114 wins out of 425 mounts. Maher has headed the percentages every year since he came to this country, with the exception of the first one, when he did not start riding until September. Still, he has never yet headed the list of winning jockeys. It may be stated, however, that modern-day jockeys have poor records when they are compared with that of Fred Archer, who during the whole of his career had 8084 mounts and 2747 wins, which works out at an average of 34 per cent. But Archer had not to contend against the 5-lb. apprentices, and he had a wonderful choice of mounts. The most successful trainer in 1907 was Alec Taylor, of Manton, and it is a fact worth noting that T. Lewis, of Netheravon, comes second on the list; W. T. Robinson, of Foxhall, third; Sam Darling, of Beckhampton, fourth; Willie Waugh, of Kingsclere, fifth; and C. Morton, of Wantage, sixth. The next ten places on the list are filled by Newmarket trainers, headed by the Hon. George Lambton, who, by-the-bye, won 34 races against Taylor's 31; but a large proportion were small events. R. Sherwood, of Newmarket, and W. E. Elsey each sent out 46 winners, most of which scored in minor races, and Elsey has had a very bad season.

Already the little punters are hard at work trying to spot the double for the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National, about which the Continental agents offer 2000 to 1. Horses that are fancied for the Lincoln Handicap are: Cuffs, Dean Swift, Fra Diavolo, Kafir Chief, who ran second to Ob last year; Longcroft, an animal that all the knowing ones have been waiting for; Lally, a smart miler; Lord Carton, trained in the Kafir Chief stable; Rockbourne, Littledale, Malua, who was second for the Cambridgeshire; Rifeite, Silver Heeled, who was quietly backed for the Cambridgeshire after Lally had been struck out, but who did not run after all;



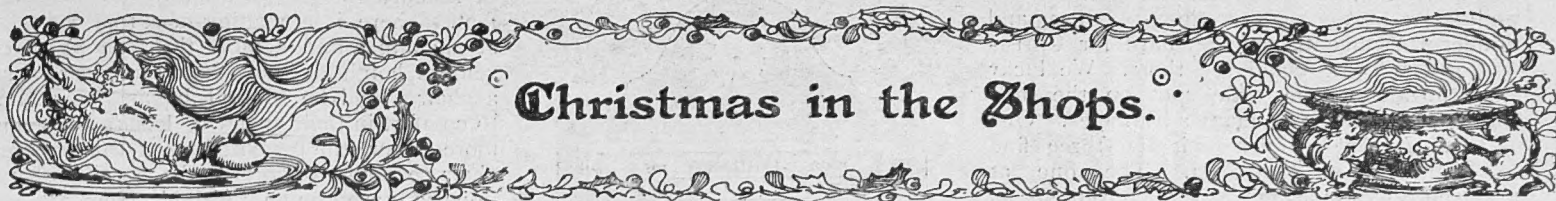
IN THE HANDS OF HIS NATURAL ENEMY: MR. H. CHANDLER, HUNTSMAN OF THE GARTH FOXHOUNDS, WITH HIS TAME FOX.

Photograph by Sports Illustrations Co.

pulsion is all that would be necessary to get the professionals to do for themselves what they in later life have to ask other people to do for them. Gentlemen who own steeplechasers often are called upon to pay heavy doctors' bills and nursing fees when their jockeys meet with serious accidents, and this tax at least would be got rid of under my scheme.

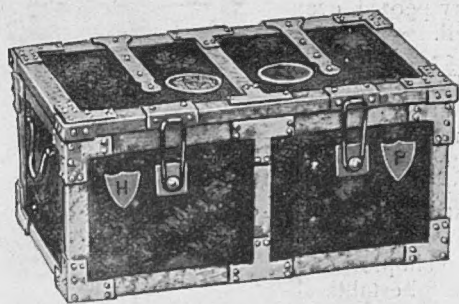
CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



## Christmas in the Shops.

CHRISTMAS is in the air. There is a pleasantly surreptitious aspect about the shopping of most of us. We are going about preparing nice surprises for our friends and relations. The salesmen and saleswomen are delightfully sympathetic, and enter into our pleasant plots and agreeable conspiracies with enthusiasm. I know of nowhere where it is easier to bring a friendly treason to a more satisfactory issue than at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths'. Like a modern Aladdin's palace are their magnificent premises, 112, Regent Street, at Christmas time, when every effort has been made and every nerve strained to place before their



AN "IRON CHEST" OF BISCUITS—ONE OF MESSRS. HUNTLEY AND PALMER'S SPECIALTIES.

clients the newest, the most varied, and the utmost value in jewels and plate for the season of presents. How successful the company have proved can be appreciated by a visit to their salons, which is a pleasure, because no pressure is ever put on anyone to buy, everyone is sure of most courteous treatment, and everything is marked in plain figures. These

appeal because of their moderation, for, so vast is the business done and so much is saved by selling their own manufacture, also by being in command of sufficient capital to be able to buy very largely and at much advantage, that the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company offer to their customers the very best jewels, workmanship, and silver and gold pieces at the most advantageous prices. If a visit is not possible, then application should be made for their presents list, the cover of which is a beautiful and artistic picture worthy of a frame. A charming present for a racing man is a winning-post pin with "Good Luck" in white on red enamel, the white enamel post being run through a horse-shoe of diamonds. It ought to ensure backing winners, and, if not, is pretty enough to serve as consolation stakes. Concerned with a new sport is an amulet-locket, on which is a balloon, rising through enamel clouds to a diamond star, with below the pleasing sentiment, "May your fortune rise." A pretty way this of conveying good wishes to ascending friends. A snake, as an emblem of eternity, is a symbolical gift that is greatly liked. A new expression is given in one done in beautiful coloured enamel on a pearl bar, as a safety-pin. This

is a delightfully easily acquired gift, costing only £1 12s. A feature of the vast variety of presents to be found at this establishment is that the range in prices is elastic, and you can secure a dainty ornament for a few shillings or a single gem for a few thousand pounds—anything and everything, in fact; variety in price and in all

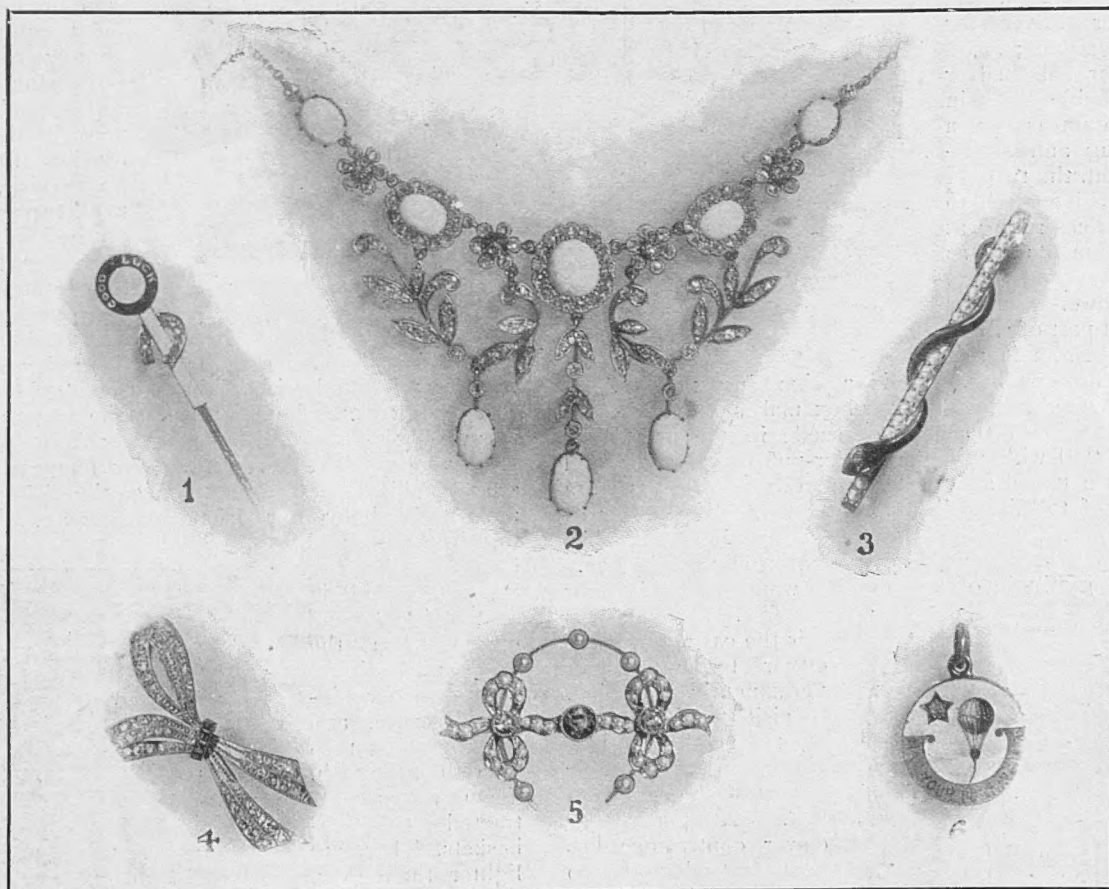
else. A pretty combination is pink and green tourmalines and pearls. This in brooches is most effective, and a lovely circular one, with a bow at either side and a ribbon in pearls across, with a pink tourmaline in the centre, costs £3 10s. Very beautiful is a turquoise-and-diamond fringe and floral necklet for £32, and excellent value, too. It is but one of a wide range of such lovely ornaments. A ruby-and-diamond bow-brooch, in the fashionable double-loop and ends, is beautiful, and costs £13; it is a most effective and handsome ornament. The latest Bridge Mascot is the embodiment, in gold and enamel, of Caran d'Ache's humorous drawings of different breeds of dogs. These are made up as charms at £1 10s. each. Men will appreciate silver match-boxes made in these queer, quaint models at £1 5s. each. There is a splendid variety of rings and earrings to choose from; and for men's presents, some charmingly novel links and waistcoat buttons. Particularly beloved of men are links with dogs' heads, hunting or racing scenes, or different kinds of birds painted in natural colours in carved-out crystal. I cannot indicate one quarter of the kinds of presents which abound at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths', and will be found vastly inspiring to those who seek to please the most difficult of their friends.

Enterprise is the keynote of success, and is the watchword of that firm of world-wide fame, Huntley and Palmer's. They have a list of Christmas delights and one of toothsome dainties which make more than the children wish the festive season here. Also,

their illustrated list of novelties for Christmas is beautiful. There are a field-glass case, a fish-creel, an iron chest beautifully imitated, and a variety of other charming receptacles, which are filled with Christmas biscuits; and these are, to quote our American cousins, mighty good things. Nor do these celebrated manufacturers stop here; they have seventeen varieties of iced cakes as good to eat as they are charming to look at, and that is saying much. The special Christmas cake has figures on it, and crackers and flowers, and is a splendid confection inside and out. Huntley and Palmer's biscuits are a universal



A "FIELD-GLASS CASE" OF BISCUITS. ONE OF MESSRS. HUNTLEY AND PALMER'S SPECIALTIES.



1. THE WINNING-POST SCARF-PIN, IN DIAMONDS AND ENAMEL. 2. A FINE TURQUOISE-AND-DIAMOND NECKLET. 3. A SAFETY PIN: AN ENAMELLED SNAKE ON A PEARL BAR. 4. A DIAMOND-AND-RUBY BOW BROOCH. 5. A BROOCH IN PINK AND GREEN TOURMALINES AND PEARLS. 6. AN ENAMELLED "BALLOON AND MOTTO" AND DIAMOND STAR LOCKET.

NOVELTIES AT THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS', 112, REGENT STREET.

necessity and a household word wherever one goes. There are sixty kinds, and of some of those—such as dessert biscuits—sixteen kinds, so that the variety is infinite. I know of no more welcome small gift than one of this firm's fanciful and elegant receptacles filled with their famous Christmas biscuits.

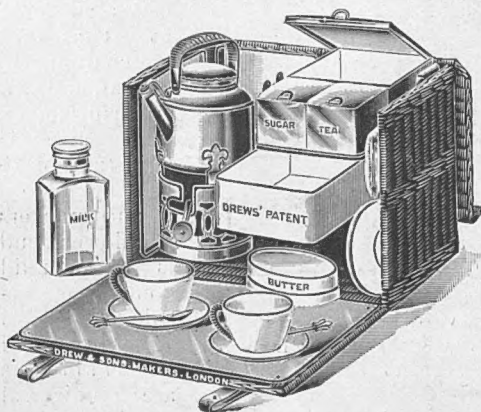


All over the world Mappin and Webb have customers who feel particularly friendly to the well-known name at this time of year, and wonder what nice things they have for Christmas, and wish they could see them. We lucky folk who are on the little spot on the map known as London have many advantages. One of them is that we can visit the three fine establishments of this firm. The one at 2, Queen Victoria Street is very convenient, as it is just opposite the Mansion House, while those at 158, Oxford Street and 220, Regent Street lie a few yards to either side of Oxford Circus Station. There are literally thousands of delightful gifts to be found at any of these houses. Suppose you want to please a man friend who loves motoring—and most men do—there is a knife possessing a strong blade, a combined file and turnscrew with file cut edge, a picker for cleaning oil-holes and generators,

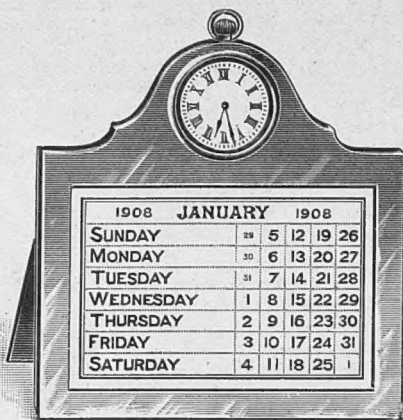


A CHARMING CREAM-JUG AND SUGAR-BASIN, OF CLASSICAL SHAPE, AT MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

rose-bowl on an ebony plinth for £1 4s. may be regarded as a bargain, and a gift quite sure of an enthusiastic reception from a woman who likes a dainty table. Very attractive are a cream-jug and sugar-basin in a reeded design and classical shape. These, which are beautiful and ornamental, cost only £1 8s. the pair. Another present appealing specially to a man is a glass tobacco-jar, silver-mounted, and with a lid on which the handle is a little silver pipe that can be removed and used as a cigarette-holder. This is sold for £1 2s. 6d. A Chippendale silver salver for £1 9s. 6d. is a bargain; so, I think, is a circular solid silver inkstand with a reliable clock in the lid for two guineas, or a James I. cream-jug and sugar-basin for £1 13s. 6d. the two. I have, I believe, said enough to indicate that the prices ruling at this firm's establishments are as tempting as the things themselves. There are new flower-vases for the table, the stand part of which forms any initial. From it rise two dainty little flower-tubes. It is a charming novelty. A manicure set in an engine-turned silver box makes quite a lovely gift. Women will value little bags of suede in the new lucky shamrock colour, fitted with mirror, powder-puff, cachou-box, and sovereign-purse, as a useful and ornamental gift. Very lovely are clocks and caskets of tortoiseshell, inlaid with pearl and silver or pearl and gold. There are endless presents at Mappin and Webb's, and this season they struck me as being phenomenally good value.



AN EXCEPTIONALLY LIGHT TEA-BASKET, AT MESSRS. DREW AND SONS, 33, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.



A SMART CALENDAR AND CLOCK, IN SILVER, AT MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

a smooth warding-file for trimming platinum points, trembler blades, and sparkling-plug points, a borer for piercing leather or rubber, and a strong corkscrew. This complete in a leather case for 10s. 6d. is good value. In silver in a similar case it is sold for a guinea. A very convenient thing and a handsome present is a calendar framed in silver, with a clock at the top, for the modest sum of £1 10s. An octagonal



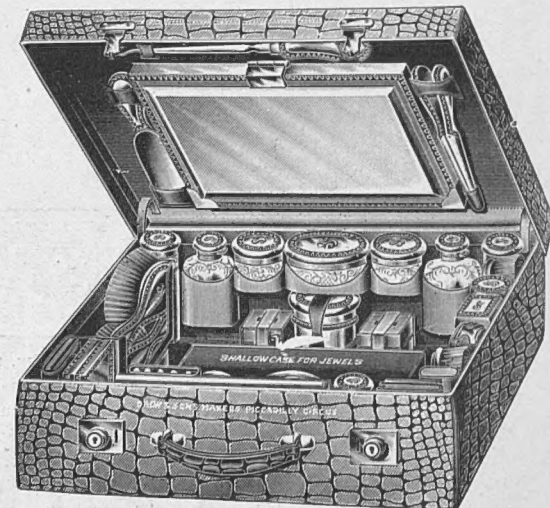
A CHAIR-DE-LUXE, AT MESSRS. J. FOOT AND SON'S, 171, NEW BOND STREET.

may be regarded as a bargain, and a gift quite sure of an enthusiastic reception from a woman who likes a dainty table. Very attractive are a cream-jug and sugar-basin in a reeded design and classical shape. These, which are beautiful and ornamental, cost only £1 8s. the pair. Another present appealing specially to a man is a glass tobacco-jar, silver-mounted, and with a lid on which the handle is a little silver pipe that can be removed and used as a cigarette-holder. This is sold for £1 2s. 6d. A Chippendale silver salver for £1 9s. 6d. is a bargain; so, I think, is a circular solid silver inkstand with a reliable clock in the lid for two guineas, or a James I. cream-jug and sugar-basin for £1 13s. 6d. the two. I have, I believe, said enough to indicate that the prices ruling at this firm's establishments are as tempting as the things themselves. There are new flower-vases for the table, the stand part of which forms any initial. From it rise two dainty little flower-tubes. It is a charming novelty. A manicure set in an engine-turned silver box makes quite a lovely gift. Women will value little bags of suede in the new lucky shamrock colour, fitted with mirror, powder-puff, cachou-box, and sovereign-purse, as a useful and ornamental gift. Very lovely are clocks and caskets of tortoiseshell, inlaid with pearl and silver or pearl and gold. There are endless presents at Mappin and Webb's, and this season they struck me as being phenomenally good value.

very speedily put on. Such a chair as this is a blessing in any household, for there are always weary people, even where all are happily well.

Drew and Sons, 33, Piccadilly Circus, should be visited without delay. The fact that the very latest thing in fitted dressing-bags is required to be monogrammed and coronetted and conveyed secretly to the house in time to be presented on Christmas morning makes timely preparation necessary. Then the thing is not so simple as it seems, for at this wonderful establishment there is such variety in what you want that choice is made charmingly difficult. For instance, we are shown a lovely case in green crocodile lined with green moiré, and fitted with silver-gilt-backed brushes, engraved glass bottles, a big bevelled-edge glass to put out on the

moiré, and fitted with plain polished gold fittings, tortoiseshell-backed mirror, and gold tops to the engraved glass bottles. At this we look and long, but fear to ask the price. Told that it is £75, and within the reach of our financial possibilities—for we are a combination of three to make the gift—we hesitate and talk, and, assisted by our friendly salesman, decide on gold and tortoiseshell, and have initials and coronet inlaid in the tortoiseshell and engraved on the gold, and begin to gloat over our hidden treasure, and the joy of its production on the 25th. Then we are attracted to tea-baskets. These are lighter than ever, the divisions being in cane, strong and very light; the boxes for bread-and-butter or sandwiches are enamel china, and so keep the food moist and fresh. The motor



A SUPERB FITTED DRESSING-CASE, AT MESSRS. DREW AND SONS, 33, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

beneath the chair, and is adjustable by a series of notches to any position of the knees and feet. There is a reading-desk that can be put at any angle, and a table that can be of convenient height. Think how the giver of such a chair would be blessed by anyone addicted to comfort in their hours of leisure; how much more sincere the benedictions if this wonderful chair secured comfort in the variety of positions so craved by an invalid! They are, when not in use as a couch, like any ordinary handsome armchair, but are found to be extraordinarily comfortable to sit in, for the reason that there is extra depth of hair and spring upholstery and a spring-edged seat. The chairs are on special castors, so that in cases of need they can be wheeled about, and they are all ready save for covering, which is left to the choice of the customer, and can be

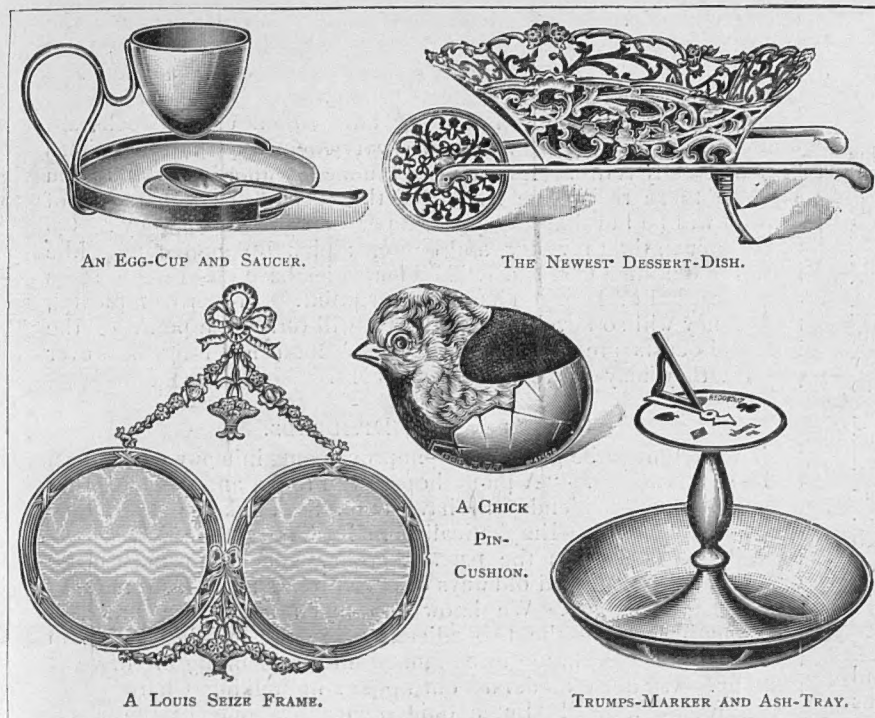


A BEAUTIFUL ROSE-BOWL, AT MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

dressing-table, and a hand-glass as well, all the things for the toilet one can imagine—shoe-lifter, button-hook, glove-stretchers—and in glittering gilt on silver with an Empire border, and also quite a big flat jewel-case, which seems to be the last word in luxury for a travelling toilet equipment, and we think happily of the proud air of possession with which our friend will unpack her beautiful dishes and bottles and glasses and brushes for her first country house visit, when we are shown another case in a different green crushed morocco, with dull gilt on silver backed brushes, and tops to fittings of engraved glass, and our fickle hearts go out to that until a case in purple leather is produced, lined with mauve

(Continued overleaf.)





NOVELTIES IN SILVER AT MESSRS. WILSON AND GILL'S, REGENT STREET.

luncheon-cases, in which all the fittings draw out, are attractive because they are so practical; and we secure another surprise in a wonderfully light rain-proof and mud-proof motor-trunk. There are some charming Louis Quinze silver-frames in silver that attract us much. They are oval or round and in many sizes, and they hang from festoons of silver flowers, and are what Americans call "real elegant"; that is, they are remarkably refined and artistic as well as handsome. Japanese frog-skin purses and note-cases and cigarette-cases, mounted and monogrammed in silver, are charming presents. In fact, Drew and Sons' fine showrooms fairly teem with things that seem just what you want to give at Christmas.

The useful gift is the gift that tells; when it is ornamental as well as useful there is nothing more to be desired. The Swan Fountain pen combines these attributes most satisfactorily. It is also of value as a suggestion that for presents to those abroad or in the Colonies these pens travel securely and cheaply. One can be sent to Australia for fourpence, and carries with it the pretty compliment that the donor appreciates and encourages the correspondence of the recipient. It is a great advantage that any favourite steel nib can be perfectly imitated, so that a Swan Fountain Pen is an old friend with a new face of gold, and every facility for writing added. If nibs do not suit, they can be changed at any branch of the Mabile, Todd, and Bard Company. A useful booklet is issued on application, which gives the postage and date of posting to reach foreign countries by Christmas.

A reputation for up-to-date and original things in jewellery, silver, and gold has long been the enviable possession of Messrs. Wilson and Gill, whose beautiful goldsmiths' and silver-smiths' work is one of the great attractions of Regent Street. It seems to me that this season they are singularly well equipped with such novelties as will appeal to those who desire to give with discrimination and to earn the most real kind of gratitude. A barrow in pierced silver, with a practical wheel, is a beautiful and useful form of dessert-dish, particularly nice for those who have dessert without the attendance of servants, so that a cosy chat may be enjoyed over it. A new egg-cup, fixed above a saucer, to hold the top of the egg and salt, and a spoon to match, is sufficiently attractive to induce an American to learn the difficult art of eating an egg English fashion. A wee thing that is fascinating and inexpensive is a silver chick pin-cushion, the chicken coming out of the shell, and part of the latter filled in with green velvet to accommodate pins. Another small and

ingenious gift is an ash-tray and a trump-indicator in silver and enamel. For a man this will be a very acceptable present, for it is practical as well as pretty. A double-oval frame in silver, in Louis Seize style, suspended from a Louis bow and garlands of flowers, is new and very effective. It supplies a long-felt want, for many people have little table-space to stand frames on, and yet desire to have double frames, that they may not divorce couples that should be joined together. A set of six coffee-cups in pierced-silver stands is a new and lovely present—new from the fact that the shape of the cups is novel and the stand of fresh design. Supper soup-cups set in pierced silver are also novel and so very pretty. Very convenient and smart is a soda-syphon having four tumblers suspended round its neck on a wire frame, so that one of the tumblers can be swung round under the tap and filled, and then another. It is so nice not to have to look or ring for a tumbler when the syphon is there and a drink wanted. A satinwood toilet-case standing high on four slender legs and fitted with manicure implements and bottles is a thing of beauty and also of use, and is a gift that any woman would love. On a dull day, I can conceive of no more inspiring and cheery tea-equipage than one in rose-red flambé china lighted with a candle-shaped electric globe on a tall Grecian column silver candlestick, and shaded in the newest way with silk fitted into pierced silver, which is light-looking and so very handsome. I think I have said enough to

prove that new and pretty presents are attainable in variety at Messrs. Wilson and Gill's.

Housewives have a variety of uses for pretty metal boxes in which to store such things as require to be isolated and kept from the air. To them, therefore, it will be good news that the United Kingdom Tea Company are providing most ornamental caddies in various sizes and designs. Their teas will be packed in these, and sent to any address, carriage paid. There are also China teas in original  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. and 1 lb. caddies, which are quite novel. The additional charge made for these pretty caddies is very little, as the company wish their customers to have the advantage of this seasonable feature of their trade.

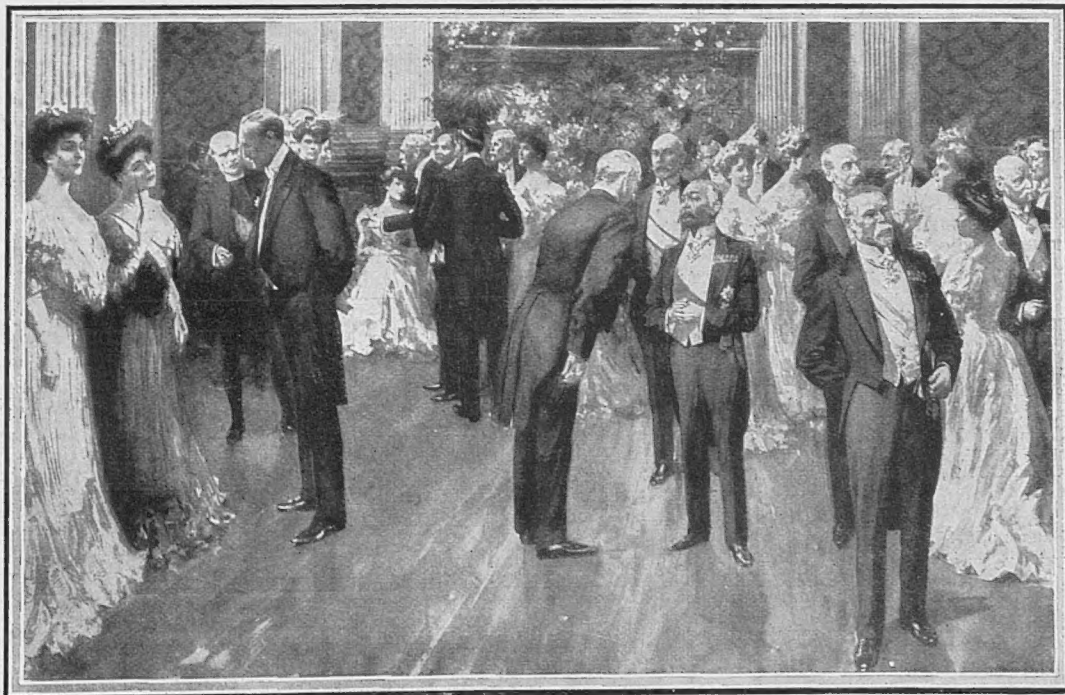
Perfume is in fashion more now than, perhaps, ever before. The great number of

people who have shown their appreciation of Courvoisier's Otto of Violets will be delighted to read that from this celebrated *parfumerie* a new scent is issued, called the Havanita. It is distilled from flowers grown in the West Indies, has a lasting and insinuating odour of much fascination, and will, I think, repeat the success of the Otto of Violets.

The details of the designs for the coloured borders on our two pages of "The Aristocratic Type of British Beauty" are taken from some very beautiful embroideries at Messrs. Harrods, who have a splendid stock of such things.



A USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL GIFT: A SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN.



A TYPICAL SOCIETY FUNCTION AT THE HYDE PARK HOTEL: PRINCE FUSHIMI ENTERTAINED BY THE JAPANESE AMBASSADOR.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 11.*

## ON CANADAS—

ENTERPRISING romancists wove a theory that Canadas would fall to 120, and the story had a circulation which many a novel might well envy. On the strength of this yarn, Canadas fell to 142½, recovering therefrom to over 150, thanks to the scrambling of bears to buy when they saw how the public absorbed the shares, in parcels great and small. There is the coming new issue to be made next month. It won't give proprietors the 80 dollars bonus that they received out of the last new issue, but all the same the new stock will be provided with a handy premium, no doubt. We won't go into the matter now as to whether it is good or bad finance to offer Ordinary stock at 100 when the market price stands 50 per cent. higher. Views on this point can be obtained at length from anyone who has held Aerated Breads for a considerable period. With this bait held out, however, Canadas are likely to improve, with occasional setbacks. Practically a 5 per cent. stock, they appeal strongly to the British investor, and no amount of argument with regard to increased operating expenses is likely to stop his continued purchases at rising prices.

## AS COMPARED WITH YANKEES.

Some people there are who say they prefer to buy sound American Rails to pay them about 7 per cent. rather than Canadas which yield 2 per cent. less. Pennsylvanias and Illinois, Milwaukee and New York Centrals, make a useful quartet of investments which, on the basis of the last few dividends, will return little short of 7 per cent.; and if these four Companies are unsound, there cannot be much attraction in Yankees of any sort. Baltimores we fancy as a speculation, paying a high rate on the money; they are better than Atchison—better, in our opinion, than Steel Preferred. Southern Pacifics pay 8½ per cent., and Unions a trifle more. Gambles these, not for people likely to be kept awake o' nights by thoughts of possible market slumps. For slumps there will be, as sure as fate, because liquidation must go on for a long while ere the weak positions get into stronger hands. Therefore, it seems to us that the investor in American Rails will do well to look out for squalls: cheap shares are to be picked up in stormy periods.

## ARGENTINE RAILWAY STOCKS.

They pay just about 6 per cent. on the money, do the Ordinary stocks of the best Argentine railways. When certain folk got hard

up, as lots of them did, investments had to be realised, and the speculative stocks went first. That's why Buenos Ayres and Rosario, Pacific, Great Southern, and others of a similar sort slumped. Then the locusts came. Naturally. There are always locusts in the Argentine Republic; only, when cheap stocks are wanted, those locusts are marshalled very effectively—at other times they discreetly retire. As soon as the money pinch relaxes do you suppose these really fine stocks (of the second-class character, of course) will be buyable to pay you 6 per cent. on the money? Go to the locust, thou investor, and be wise: pick up good stuff while it can be obtained cheaply. The companies have raised large sums of new capital of late. That is a bear point. Properly employed, the money will so develop traffic that it will turn out a point for the bulls. Locusts are unsubstantial bears' food for long, however piquant they may prove for a few weeks.

## COMING KAFFIR DIVIDENDS.

They ought to be good ones—improvements in many cases upon those of a year ago. "A pious hope," you reply, and demand what effect increased dividends will have upon the market. "Will they create a boom?" Emphatically, no! The public have been fleeced too closely in the past. Another generation must arise which knew not the bad old ways of twelve years ago. And another reef must arise, too. We know too much about the probable mathematical value—the two adjectives are not self-destructive in this case—for speculation to be fanned into the flaming fire of years gone by. We must moderate our hopes: no talking Chartered to £20 now, we notice! But a quiet revival in some of the Kaffir dividend-paying outcrops and deep-levels—why not? It is quite possible. Sudden flashes are to be distrusted: we've "had some," as the schoolboys say. As speculative investments Cities look respectable, despite the lower profits. Knights, Witwatersrand Deep, even Modders, these and Rand Mines are not to be despised in the day of small profits.

## RECENT NITRATE MEETINGS.

Important statements have been made at recent meetings held by some of the Nitrate Companies whose shares have been from time to time recommended in these columns, and it may be well to draw your readers' attention to them. The moderate decline in the price of nitrate of soda which has occurred in the last few weeks has led some writers in the Press to take a gloomy view of the future of the industry, but in the best-informed circles it is believed that the decline is simply one of the minor results of the financial crisis in the United States, and in any case the current price leaves a very handsome profit to the producing companies. The output of Nitrate continues to be limited as much by the shortage of labour as by the Combination, so that the renewal of the Combination in 1909, although desirable, is not so vital to the industry as is often supposed. To come now to the particular Companies to which

*(Continued on page XII.)*

No part of this issue has been or will be underwritten. There are no Debentures, Mortgages, or other charges on any part of the Company's property or assets. The Prospectus is being advertised and the offer of Shares is being made simultaneously in England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Russia, and the United States of America.

The Subscription Lists are now open in each Country and will close on or before Wednesday, the 4th day of December, 1907, excepting for Russia and the United States of America, in which Countries Subscriptions will be received until Monday, the 9th day of December, 1907.

# MAXIM'S, LIMITED,

RESTAURATEURS, 3, RUE ROYALE, PARIS.

(Incorporated under the Companies Act, 1862 to 1900.)

CAPITAL — — — — — £120,000

DIVIDED INTO  
120,000 ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 EACH,

All of which are now being offered for Subscription at par, payable as follows:

On Application ... ..	2s. 6d. per Share.	One Month after Allotment ... ..	5s. 0d. per Share.
On Allotment ... ..	7s. 6d. per Share.	Two Months after Allotment ... ..	5s. 0d. per Share.

SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER WILL BE ISSUED, IF REQUIRED, FREE OF CHARGE.

The Proprietors, Directors, and their friends have already applied for 38,500 Shares.

A Fund to ensure the replacement of Capital will be created by the issue to this Company of a policy for £104,000 by the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society, and the capital sum payable thereunder on April 1, 1939 (the date of the expiry of the present lease) will be sufficient to reimburse to the Company the whole of the amount paid for the lease, fixtures, fittings, and goodwill.

## Directors.

MAJOR J. EUSTACE JAMESON, J.P., 94, Piccadilly, W. (Chairman Casino Municipal de Cannes, Ltd.), *Chairman*.  
SIR HENRY E. DERING, BART., J.P., D.L., Sheerland House, Ashford, Kent.  
SIR VALENTINE R. GRACE, BART., J.P., D.L., 23, Cromwell Road, Hove, Sussex.  
ARTHUR T. DALE (Managing Director of Messrs. Dale, Reynolds & Co., Ltd.), 46, Cannon Street, London, E.C.  
G. LAGRANGE, 163, Rue St. Honoré, Paris, Avocat Conseil (Chairman Grand Hotel, Ltd., Monte Carlo).  
HENRI CHAUVÉAU, 3, Rue Royale, Paris } *Managing Directors*  
EUGENE CORNUCHÉ, 3, Rue Royale, Paris }

## Bankers.

ENGLAND: LONDON & COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, 21, Lombard Street, E.C., and Branches.  
FRANCE: ARMSTRONG & Co., 19, Rue Scribe, Paris.  
GERMANY: GLASERFELD & WOLFFSOHN, 6, Mohrenstrasse, Berlin.  
AUSTRIA: D. H. STAMETZ & Co., Nachfolger, 1, Heggasse, Vienna.

## Solicitors.

For the Company: SLAUGHTER & MAY, 18, Austin Friars, London, E.C.  
For the Vendors: WHITEHOUSE, VEASEY & Co., 8, Queen Street, London, E.C.  
Legal Advisers in France: BARCLAY & CASE, 4, Rue Meyerbeer, Paris.

## Brokers.

LONDON: PIM, VAUGHAN & Co., 1, Drapers' Gardens, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.  
BRISTOL: HILLMAN & WOODCOCK, 45, Nicholas Street.  
MANCHESTER: FERNEYHOUGH & ASHE, 14, Cross Street.  
LIVERPOOL: H. GOOLD & Co., H 10, Exchange Buildings.  
GLASGOW: DONALD & Co., 104, West George Street.  
DUBLIN: WRIGHT & PIM, 31, Dame Street.

## Auditors.

THOMAS J. GARLICK & Co., 15, George Street, London, E.C., and 19, Boulevard Malesherbes, Paris.

## Secretary (pro tem.) and Registered Offices.

T. PRIOR, 74, COLEMAN STREET, E.C.

THE Company has been formed to acquire, and carry on as a going concern, the well-established and prosperous business of Restaurateurs known as "Maxim's," situated at 3, Rue Royale, Paris, together with the Lease of the premises for an unexpired term of thirty-two years from the 1st of April, 1907, and the exclusive right to use the name of "Maxim's."

The Certificate of the Chartered Accountants, Messrs. Thomas J. Garlick and Co., 15, George Street, London, E.C., states that the Profits, which for the last three years have been over Seventeen thousand Pounds (£17,000) per annum, are progressive; and, as the business is conducted on an exclusively Cash basis, it is entirely free from the ordinary risks of bad debts and similar losses either by depreciation of stock or otherwise. In fact, the Profits are made in Cash day by day.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the office of the Company, or from the Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.